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The Week

THE British note accepting in principle the Kellogg proposal for the outlawry of war is an earnest attempt to please both the United States and France. Great Britain is eager that the negotiations shall not break down, and is doing her best to find a formula which will serve as a compromise between two ideas which are poles apart. What Sir Austen proposes is, in effect, that the nations shall sign the Kellogg text, and then embody the substance of most of the French reservations in some other document—an exchange of notes, or a common statement of interpretation. He calls attention to Mr. Kellogg's declaration, in his recent speech, that wars of self-defense would not be prevented under the plan. He regards it as important that existing commitments of European nations should not be interfered with, though he does not make the clear distinction some Englishmen hoped he would, between the League-Locarno type of international obligation, and such documents as the French treaty with Yugoslavia. He makes a reser-

vation on behalf of Great Britain herself, as to certain parts of the world (presumably, such points as Egypt and Suez), "whose welfare and integrity constitute a special and vital interest for our peace and safety. . . . Their protection against attacks is to the British Empire a measure of self-defense." This may be considered an offset to the reservation regarding the Monroe Doctrine which the British feel is sure to be made by America at some stage of the proceedings. Finally, Great Britain agrees that the coming into effect of the treaty need not be postponed until the whole world has signed; but does contend that the adherence of certain unnamed European powers is an essential prerequisite.

HOW much success is likely to attend this heroic attempt to find a meeting ground for policies so divergent as those of M. Briand and Mr. Kellogg? It cannot be said that the prospect is very bright. Mr. Kellogg has repeatedly insisted that the treaty must remain a simple declaration against war, that any attempt to couple to it definitions of aggressive or defensive warfare or other reservations would be ruinous to the spirit of the enterprise. Would he be willing to see the treaty come into harbor towing behind it a barge-load of reservations designed mainly to give France freedom to maintain her present position as the head of a system of European alliances? And if he consented, would the Senate be equally complaisant? Would it ratify the treaty and ignore the accompanying document which would be of equal or greater importance? It is difficult to believe that such would be the case. Mr. Kellogg has seen France retreat from one position to another in the course of the debate, agreeing in each instance to things she had previously said were unacceptable. Will he now accept the British intervention on her behalf as meaning that she has made all the concessions she can? We shall be surprised if he does not again insist that the reservations are needless, and that the treaty must be confined to a simple declaration of moral intention such as he first intended.

JAPAN'S announcement to both the Peking and Nanking governments that the Chinese civil war must not extend to Manchuria is the most signi-

ficant development in Asiatic affairs in many months. While she has 190,000 citizens in Manchuria, and may claim with some reason that she is acting solely to protect their lives and property, her statement is universally regarded in the Orient as openly admitting the protectorate over the territory which has long existed in fact. Such a development would be in line with the recent attitude of the Japanese government. The "Friendship Policy" toward China, which began with the Washington Conference, disappeared in favor of a decidedly hostile "Positive Policy" when the Tanaka government came into power about a year ago. At the Oriental Conference of June-July, 1927, Japan announced definitely that henceforth she would pursue different policies toward Manchuria and toward the part of China south of the Great Wall. She also announced that the political unrest prevalent in the South would not be permitted to extend to Manchuria. Baron Tanaka is an inveterate enemy of Communism, and objected strongly to the Russian influence which existed in the Southern government before its "house-cleaning." His present attitude toward all China is much closer to that which caused the Twenty-one Demands in 1915, than to the conciliation of 1922-23, when Japan signed a treaty guaranteeing China's territorial integrity, and returned to her the province of Shantung.

JAPAN insists that she is being strictly neutral as between the Northern and Southern armies, but the Nanking group refuse to believe that this is the case. They remember that in 1925 the Japanese rescued Chang Tso-lin when he was about to be crushed because of an uprising in Manchuria headed by Suo Sung-lin, and that Japanese troops in Shantung threatened the march of the Nationalists toward Peking in 1927. They also regard it as significant that the recent incident at Tsinan-fu occurred as soon as Southern armies pushed dangerously near to Tientsin and Peking. It is true that Chang began his career as a close ally of Japan, but what are their present relations, no one knows. Last year, Chang's government persisted in its policy of railroad building in Manchuria against the wishes of the Japanese; a fortnight ago, he wanted joint military operations with Japan against the forces of Chiang Kai-shek and Feng Yu-hsiang, and Japan refused. When the fall of Peking began to seem certain, a few days ago, Japan urged Chang to retire to Manchuria with his forces intact. He declined and elected to fight it out, no doubt realizing that acceptance of the proposal would mean the end of his influence. Everything depends, now, on the way in which the Japanese carry out their promise to keep the civil war out of Manchuria. If Peking falls, as it seems likely to do, will they turn back Chang's fleeing soldiers when they reach the Great Wall? Will they permit Chang's men to escape to the North, while halting the pursuing Southerners? If Chang's men are allowed to claim

sanctuary behind Japanese bayonets in the North, will they be disarmed? The conditions made will determine whether Japan is actually being neutral, or is standing by her old friend Chang.

THE German election means a decided victory for the forces of peace and good will. The Nationalists incurred a heavy defeat, while the parties devoted to maintenance of the League and the Locarno pacts, the Kellogg proposal for outlawry of war, and faithful observance of the Dawes Plan were, in general, strengthened. The Socialists polled 9,000,000 votes, 30 percent of the total. Their strength in the Reichstag was increased 17 percent. The Nationalists, on the other hand, lost 34 percent. The Socialists will now have 152 seats, the Nationalists 72, the Centrists 62, the People's party 44. The Communists registered one of the surprises of the election, increasing their vote about 25 percent, to 54 seats. The new coalition cabinet which is to be formed will be without the conservative Nationalist elements which have been conspicuous in the past. It will probably be headed by Otto Braun, Socialist, and is certain to retain Stresemann as Foreign Minister. Perhaps the most important immediate result of the election is to bring strong pressure on France to revise her policy in regard to the Rhineland. The pretext for the occupation has been that Germany's good faith could not be relied upon, and that the French must retain control of some important physical assets. With such a demonstration that republican Germany has repudiated the chauvinism of her ultra-nationalists, France can hardly avoid reducing the number of her troops on the Rhine, and probably the amount of territory she holds. The world would be immeasurably better off if she would end the occupation *in toto*.

IT IS characteristic that by his vetoes, rather than by his positive acts, President Coolidge displays the caliber of his mind and the tendency of the interests which support him. He is reported to be about to veto the McNary-Haugen Bill, which, he contends, provides a subsidy for the farmers (though they argue that all it involves is a loan to be repaid by the producers through an equalization fee). Yet he is to sign a shipping bill, which offers a subsidy to shipping interests through large loans at low rates of interest and favorable mail contracts. He has vetoed a bill providing higher pay for night workers in the post office, because of the threatened increase of the postal deficit, but he does not object to tacking on to postal expenditures the money necessary to pay the mail subsidy to promoters of unnecessary Atlantic lines. We are glad to note that Congress has passed the postal pay bill over his veto. He refused to approve a bill coördinating public health activities, because it restricted his choice of appointees to persons passing an examination held by a board under the Surgeon General and recommended by these authori-

ties. This restriction, he argues, interferes with the constitutional prerogatives of the President. What, then, of the whole Civil Service? The chief fault of our administrative machine is that the merit system does not extend high enough into responsible positions, and the only practical effect of such a limitation as the President has vetoed is to make less easy the spoils system and political maneuvering in an essential public service. Mr. Coolidge's appointments have already done too much to convert supposedly impartial and expert administrative bodies into servants of special interests.

ONE OF the interesting facts about the Hoover campaign which has been revealed by the Senate investigation is the presence of Mr. George B. Lockwood as a directing head of his organization. Mr. Lockwood is chief of the vitally important central committee which keeps the Washington headquarters in touch with Hoover organizations throughout the country; he gave up a salary of \$15,000 a year with Will Hays (which was to have been raised soon to \$18,000) to come and do this work for Mr. Hoover for nothing. Mr. Lockwood, it will be remembered, is the former Secretary of the Republican National Committee who fought with all his might against the original investigations of the oil scandals and of the Ohio Gang's crooked activities. He publicly abused the Walsh and Wheeler committees and did all he could to belittle their results. More than that, he hired one Blair Coan to go out to Montana and look into Senator Wheeler's past, to see whether he could not find some damaging facts about him. The purpose plainly was to use such material, if it were discovered, as a club with which to force Senator Wheeler to call off his investigation. Mr. Lockwood stands for the worst aspects of the Harding days; and if Mr. Hoover, as has been stated, hopes to get the votes of American liberals, he cannot make a better beginning than to take Mr. Lockwood by the scruff of his precious neck and throw him out.

TWENTY-FOUR hours after the New Jersey primary last week, the United States Senate had ordered the Reed committee to investigate it; and despite Senator Reed's openly-avowed reluctance to do so, shared, he said, by two other members of his committee, this investigation will take place. It is certainly needed. Money seems to have been spent in an extraordinarily lavish manner on behalf of the successful candidate for the Republican nomination for Senator, H. F. Kean. In spite of this, he won over former Governor E. C. Stokes by only about 14,000 votes. Kean got 142,000, Stokes 128,000, and former Senator Joseph S. Frelinghuysen, the late President Harding's bosom friend, 119,000. The professional dry candidate and the professional wet, Mrs. L. F. Feichert and E. S. Gray, were far behind with

22,000 and 21,000 respectively. Senator Walter E. Edge supported Mr. Stokes, and it is supposed that his control of the state Republican machine is now broken; his candidate lost in the Senator's own county by 16,000. Charges are made of inter-party deals to put over some of the candidates, including M. F. Larson, successful in the race for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. Frank Hague, the all-powerful Democratic boss, is charged with having ordered thousands of members of his machine in Hudson county to vote for Larson in the Republican primary, and Larson's unsuccessful rival, Judge Robert Carey, charges that this was done. The whole business looks ugly enough to justify the senatorial investigation which has been ordered. New Jersey has only gone Democratic once in the past eight national elections; that, of course, was in 1912, when the Republican party simply dried up and blew away. This year, with the Republicans in the state split by bitter internal feuds, the Democrats begin to hope there may be some chance to carry the state for Smith.

THE Federal Reserve Bulletin for May, commenting on the widespread industrial recovery of this spring, brings out the fact that although production has increased substantially to the same volume as last year at this time, and as a consequence of this and the seasonal building and agricultural activity, employment has increased, still factory employment—the only type now measured with any approach to accuracy—is below the level of a year ago. The monthly index (based on 100 in 1919) reads 88, 89 and 90 for January, February and March, 1928, against 92, 94 and 94 for the same months of 1927. Thus is borne out the prediction of Professor Sumner H. Slichter and the New Republic that an industrial revival would not automatically solve the problem of unemployment caused by increased efficiency. The mystery of what has happened to those displaced still remains. Though Congress has had before it excellent measures such as the La Follette-Jacobstein bill for a national system of employment exchanges, and the program of Senator Wagner, it has taken no action. The administration persistently refuses to recognize the gravity of the subject. On the contrary, almost all its agencies seem to be trying to create the impression that with the recovery from the industrial slump, there is nothing more in the way of unemployment to talk about.

THE tax bill just passed by the Senate clips the reduction much nearer the maximum of safety than the bill passed by the House. It is to be hoped that what emerges from conference will not be a compromise between the two totals. We are glad to observe that the effort to repeal the federal estate-tax has for the present been abandoned. Senator Norris' amendment, adopted by the Senate apparently in a moment of absent-mindedness, provid-

ing for renewed publicity for individual tax returns, will probably be lost in conference, though it is highly desirable, and might, as he pointed out, tend to discourage more oil scandals. For the other characteristics of the bill there is not much to be said. Its reductions are largely of income rates both for individuals and corporations, though such reductions are scarcely needed, and income taxation is the most scientific form of tax. The government could use to great public advantage the money it is relinquishing. And furthermore, if taxes are to be reduced, the place to slash is on consumption and property taxes, which are much more likely to bear heavily on those who can less afford to pay.

NO more striking example of the difference between corporate and individual conscience could be found than in the case involving the five young women in New Jersey who are probably dying from doing factory work which involved the use of radium paint. These women were employed in the plant of the United States Radium Corporation of Orange, N. J., painting luminous figures on watch dials. It appears that they were instructed by an ignorant foreman to wet between their lips the small brushes with which the paint was applied. As a result, radio-active material entered their bodies, producing conditions which are almost invariably fatal, no means having yet been discovered for checking the corrosive action of the rays. While the company has been able to find medical support for the theory that they have a chance for life, impartial physicians believe there is practically no hope. Thirteen other women, and one man, have already died under similar circumstances. These young women are suing the company for damages; and up to now, the United States Radium Corporation and its attorneys have done everything they could to delay the trial of the case. They have sought to have it put over until the autumn, when there is every likelihood that some or all of the plaintiffs will be dead. No doubt, in their private capacity, the officers of this corporation and their legal representatives are honorable men; they would not beat their wives or torture their children. Yet in their corporate entity they feel entirely free, hiding behind the excuse that they must protect the interests of their stockholders, or the corporation itself, to indulge in conduct which, when carried on by individuals, any decent person would characterize as contemptible in the extreme.

WHILE there are many things to be said in favor of the restriction or control of American investments abroad, we do not think that Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, writing in the journal of his union, the Photo-engravers, has hit upon one of them. The exportation of capital, he reasons, will lead to the production of more goods abroad by "cheap foreign labor," and thus nullify the protection which

American workers receive from restriction of immigration and the tariff. International bankers will soon be engaged in a "conspiracy" to bring about free trade. Mr. Woll talks as if he attributed higher American wages solely to the tariff. If that is so, cotton textile workers should be among our highest-paid; they are in fact the lowest. Better wages here are sometimes attributed in part to our superior natural resources, and in part to the large-scale production made possible by the consumers' demand from our own country—the largest tariff-free area in the world. More extensive use of capital abroad would not affect either of these causes. Sometimes our high wages are attributed to the efficiency resulting from heavy capital investment. If that is the case, an increase of investment and efficiency abroad ought to raise the wages of "cheap foreign labor" toward our own standards. And such a result would broaden the market for everyone's goods, and, by increasing the European demand for the many goods which we export, tend to raise American wages as well.

THE Southern Baptist Church has gone into politics with a vengeance. Its annual convention at Chattanooga has adopted, with hardly a dissenting voice, a resolution calling on the members of the Church not to vote for any presidential candidate who "is well known as the faithful friend of liquor." This, of course, is aimed at Governor Smith, and the wording is designed to prevent support of him even if the platform adopted at Houston should be equivocal or should contain a dry plank. There are two million members of the Southern Baptist Church (not 3,700,000, as press despatches erroneously reported). They constitute two-sevenths of all the white voters in the South, and while the resolution of the convention is, of course, not mandatory, it is likely to have a considerable degree of moral effect. It is obviously intended to frighten the Democrats out of nominating Smith at Houston. That it will be successful seems out of the question; at the beginning of the week, Smith had approximately 600 delegates pledged, and it seems altogether likely that he will pick up enough before the convention to be nominated on the first ballot. The Baptists, as is well known, object to Governor Smith, not only because he is wet, but because he is a Catholic, and they fear that the Church would interfere in politics. We wonder how they would describe their own action?

AS THE pre-convention campaign enters its final weeks, dire threats are heard not merely of a new third party, but of a fourth. If Smith is nominated at Houston, we are told that the dry Democrats will bolt, perhaps headed by William G. McAdoo. If the Republicans nominate Hoover, on a platform which fails to include agricultural relief along the lines of the McNary-Haugen Bill now before President Coolidge, it is whispered that the farm

states will go out, led, it may be, by Governor Lowden, who has just announced that he doesn't want the Republican nomination if the farmers are not to get the equalization fee. These announcements of new parties, in advance of the conventions, are merely part of the game. They are intended to bring pressure to bear on the men who write the platforms, and, when possible, to influence the selection of candidates as well. After the conventions are over, even though the wishes of the threateners have been disregarded, they usually stay on the reservation. A last-minute third party can be but a gesture of protest; and such gestures are not popular in pragmatic America, where we want at least a fighting chance of victory for our pains. Moreover, a third party which threatens to throw the victory into the other camp has little appeal. On both sides, the recalcitrants had rather see their own party win, even though misguided, than to have their opponents conquer. To be sure, if the dry Southern Democrats could be brought together under one tent with the disgruntled farmers of the North and West, a force might be created which would materially affect the situation; but time, money and organizing ability for such an effort seem to be lacking.

Parties which Reign but Do not Govern

THE pre-convention campaigns of the several candidates for the Democratic and Republican nominations have thrown additional light upon the operation of those parties at the present time and the dominant influence in their behavior. Now more than ever they function, not for the purpose of translating into legislation principles and projects on which their members are agreed, but for that of holding down the offices and controlling the administrative government of, from their standpoint, a static society. They consist of federations of regional or state professional politicians who are grouped nationally in order to cajole the voters into letting them administer the federal executive. They both depend for their cohesion almost exclusively upon the compulsion of success at the polls. They are divided by the interests and the opinions of their members. They are united chiefly by a lust for power. They both labor to avoid the assumption of definite attitudes on controversial questions of public policy. Legislative projects are, from their point of view, merely pretexts for disagreement. They are obliged for their own safety to cultivate an empty loyalty among their own members. They campaign almost entirely for the purpose of taking advantage of the actual or latent dissensions among their party opponents. Their positive formulations of public policy, whenever such formulations appear, are becoming more

than ever meaningless, ineffective and irresponsible.

The Democratic party, for the moment, affords a consummate example of party loyalty and unity which is forged in the interest of victory at the polls, and is based upon the deliberate suppression of the convictions of its members and the scrupulous avoidance of any parade of public policy. Its leaders have decided to nominate Governor Smith on the ground that his personal popularity in New York and in other states with a preponderance of wet, urban, foreign-born voters, may, when added to the votes of the Solid South, be sufficient to elect him. This decision to nominate him is an interesting and an unexpected exhibition of vitality in the Democratic party, as vitality now expresses itself in American politics. Four years ago the party was plunged into an embittered and impassioned fight between the small, dry, Protestant, anti-foreign, intolerant Democratic communities of the South and West and the foreign-born, Catholic, wet, urban Democratic communities of the East and North. The two discordant factions have in the meantime remained practically unchanged in their points of view and their convictions. Little or nothing has been done to reconcile their conflicts of cultural outlook and economic interest. Yet they propose to nominate a man who, as the leader of one of these factions, had four years ago blocked the nomination of the leader of the opposing faction; and they propose to do it simply by disregarding the differences which only four years ago they vindicated at a large expenditure of obstinacy and passion. It is an extraordinary example of the military discipline which the compulsion of victory exercises upon the members of an American national party. It is also an extraordinary example of the incompatibility in American politics today between loyalty to supposed convictions about public policy and the welfare of the parties which are the custodians of political power.

This incompatibility explains, of course, Governor Smith's silence during his pre-convention campaign. If he had expressed himself positively and explicitly about public questions, he would not have won any additional support, and he might have aroused the slumbering fires of party dissension. Since failure is the unforgivable sin in American politics, and success the inclusive virtue, it seems pedantic to have expected or demanded anything else from Governor Smith. But if nothing succeeds like success, nothing may fade so quickly as success which succeeds. It will be interesting to observe the future vicissitudes of a party that four years ago sacrificed its chances of winning a presidential election to the enthusiasm of significant combat, and which now, in a similarly whole-hearted way, can ignore radical differences among its component groups in the single-minded pursuit of victory. We have called its recent behavior an exhibition of political vitality, but it looks also like an exhibition of moral resignation. The

Democracy is a minority party which can gather into its fold a permanently larger proportion of the American voters only by challenging the Republican conception and definition of public policy. But how can its leaders issue such a challenge? Any definition of policy which distinguishes and divides Democrats from Republicans would at present be equally likely to divide Democrats from Democrats. Governor Smith has by his pre-convention silence postponed without in any way diminishing his difficulties as the leader of a party whose unity depends upon mental and moral stagnation rather than mental and moral fermentation.

The Republican party occupies a stronger position than its Democratic opponent, but its conduct is determined by another version of the same logic. The leading candidate for the Republican nomination, Mr. Herbert Hoover, has talked as discreetly and as non-committally about public policy as Governor Smith. The local party leaders were for the most part opposed to his nomination. He has had to wage a stiff fight against resistance by many local machines, and they have forced him in several cases to appeal from the politicians to the voters. But he has scrupulously avoided the reënforcement of these appeals by individual statements of public policy. His platform has consisted of his personal record, the record of the administration, the apparent tacit support of President Coolidge and his own *beaux yeux*. He has managed very shrewdly to conduct a vigorous campaign without arousing dissension in the Republican party about policies and without committing himself to any specific promises. A voter would be entitled to infer from his statements that, if nominated and elected, his administration would duplicate precisely and comprehensively that of Mr. Coolidge. The idea which some of his friends, such as Mr. Chester Rowell, proposed after Mr. Coolidge's withdrawal last summer, that his nomination and election would mean an advance from an era of "normalcy" to an era of wise progressive Republicanism, has never received any confirmation from Mr. Hoover's own publicity. The compulsion of success in his case, as in the case of Al Smith and the Democrats, has demanded the cultivation of a loyalty to his own person and to a party whose only content is a dogmatic satisfaction with things as they are.

There is, of course, more justification for the cherishing of this attitude by Mr. Hoover and the Republicans than by Governor Smith and the Democrats. The Republicans are the majority party. They represent vested interests, continuity of economic policy, the subordination of government to business and the interdependence between party unity and legislative inertia. When the Republican leaders in 1912 insisted, at any expense, on nominating Taft, in spite of the temporary success of Roosevelt in converting to nominal progressivism a majority of the Republican rank and file, they abjured progressive ideas and agitation as a source of

party vitality. Mr. Hoover is bound by their example. He might, in our opinion, have now and then with some advantage to himself thrown an inoffensive and meatless bone to the disfranchised progressives, but it would have meant disaster for him to have traveled very far on that dangerous road. The Democratic party may conceivably be reinvigorated by subdivision, fermentation and reconstruction. But the Republican party could only be destroyed. If it can keep American public opinion sluggish, apprehensive and incurious, American party programs meaningless and equivocal, if it can confine American political discussion to the pursuit of red herrings into stagnant pools, and American national legislation to a privately arranged compromise among local groups without any effective appeal to national public opinion, it need not fear a successful attack upon its permanent occupation of the White House and the Capitol. A Democratic organization and leadership which follows the Republican example in associating party unity with the avoidance of controverted issues and the responsible proposal of new policies is bound to remain a mere accomplice of Republicanism.

For the moment, the effort of the Republicans to neutralize the popular discussion of vital issues as a formative influence on the program of both parties and to confuse American patriotism with intellectual and moral inertia, is highly successful. They have deprived popular agitation and unrest of vehicles of political expression. Never before have the two major political parties exercised such an unchallenged hyphenated monopoly of political power. Never has it been more necessary for an American citizen who wishes to count in politics to coöperate with one party or the other. Yet the very completeness of this monopoly condemns it to impotence except as an instrument of negation or of unanimity. For never before have the two major parties concealed or suppressed among their members so many and such radical differences of interest and opinion. They both tend to become coalitions of minor groups without any positive element of cohesion except the desire of their individual members to get elected. They are united during campaigns and divided between them. Important economic or social legislation is adopted, if at all, by bi-partisan majorities which are pieced together by bargains among regional or interest groups. Prohibition, remedial agricultural legislation, flood relief, railroad reconstruction, electric power control and other major questions of public policy are ruled out of the arena of controversy between the parties. Although every American voter is required on penalty of practical disfranchisement to cast a Democratic or Republican ballot, the reaching of decisions about public problems by the education and leavening of opinion is no longer a function of the national parties. They exist in order to distribute the state and national offices among the active politicians, to prevent the voters from be-

coming agitated about public affairs and to minimize the educational element in the operation of democratic institutions.

Sooner or later the emergence of a new party which provides an aggressive fighting alternative to Republican inertia will bring to an end the present debility of American party politics, but the advent of a reconstructed Democracy or some substitute for it may well take place later rather than sooner. The sterility of the major American parties will not be easily cured. There have been many gallant efforts to vitalize the old parties or to build up new ones, but all to no purpose. The old progressive war-horses are broken down, superannuated and discredited. The new ones have not graduated from the training camps. They will emerge only as the result of social tensions and class conflicts which public opinion is not being educated to anticipate and avoid. The most discouraging aspect of the existing debility of party politics is not its increase and domination, but the failure of its dubious or abhorrent aspects to arouse effective attention and provoke sufficient resistance. During the last two decades of the nineteenth century, when a somewhat similar condition prevailed, American public opinion produced a fairly vigorous protest by the so-called Mugwumps and other reformers, who united political nonconformity with social standing. Now, however, there is almost no such thing as political nonconformity among successful and educated Americans. Many of them talk as if they were disgusted with the sterility, the futility, the chicane and the corruption of party politics, but they do not feel called to do anything about it, and they do not allow their minds to grasp and ponder the extent and the possible meaning of Republican and Democratic decadence. They are not prepared to take any part in the attempt which must eventually be made to restore American national parties to their essential function, which is that of stirring up in the American people a more alert, a more progressive and a more responsible political consciousness. The educated and well-to-do classes are passing on to the dissatisfied and aggrieved part of the community the job of forcing upon the national political conscience a realization of the dangers of the organized and deliberate evasion of its political and economic problems, of which the two major parties are the self-satisfied and incorrigible agents.

Muscle Shoals in Crisis

NOW that Congress, after years of delay, seems about to make a final disposition of Muscle Shoals by passing a bill for its operation by a government-owned corporation, it may be well to review the important points in the controversy. If President Coolidge follows the wishes of the private-power interests and acts in accordance with his own views against public ownership, he will veto the

bill, but it would be difficult to explain a veto in terms of concrete public advantage.

During the War, the government built at Muscle Shoals, on the Tennessee River, a dam, power houses and a chemical plant at a cost of \$158,000,000. The original purpose was to provide a source of nitrates, to be procured from the air by an electro-chemical process, which would help in supplying our war needs, cut off as we were from the German supply and paying high prices to Chile for nitrogen products extracted from the ground. The electric power plants, shipping current in a 300-mile radius, might supply current to large parts of ten states—Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Georgia, Kentucky, Arkansas, Missouri, Florida, Illinois and Indiana.

After the War, certain farming groups became interested in having the plant operated as a source of nitrates for fertilizer. But when the Army sought for bidders, representatives of the power companies said they were not interested, since the establishment could not be operated profitably either by them or by the government. Then Henry Ford offered to take the plant for 100 years, at an absurdly low rental. At this juncture, chemical and power companies began to bid, in spite of their former declaration that the plant was not worth anything. The House of Representatives passed a bill accepting the Ford offer, but the Senate, after months of careful investigation by Senator Norris and others, decided that the Ford offer was grossly inadequate. A joint congressional committee was then formed to negotiate further bids.

In the meantime, the government, operating only half the existing equipment, and selling the power to the Alabama Power Company at two mills a kilowatt-hour—a low price usually paid on short-term contracts for uncertain power—has been receiving a net operating income, after paying expenses, of nearly \$700,000 a year. One of the army engineers has testified that in ten years the power, without further development, ought to be worth \$3,500,000 annually.

The bids received after the rejection of the Ford offer were considerably higher. Two striking characteristics, however, stood out from most of them. One was that the companies evidently did not count heavily upon the fertilizer plant, but expected to make large profits from the sale of the surplus power. Some of the offers were so framed as to emphasize the "cheap fertilizer" feature, in order to catch the votes of farm representatives, but it had become established by this time that the chemical plants at Muscle Shoals were out of date, that the new, better, and cheaper processes required far less electricity, and more coal, which is obtainable elsewhere at lower cost. The bidding companies did not care how little fertilizer they sold, or how little profit they made on it, if they could only secure a grip on the power for distribution to the public. The second point was that these companies were

far more interested in a complete development of the Tennessee River, which would make possible a large quantity of "firm" power, than in the existing Muscle Shoals plant alone. For such a complete development, the Associated Power Companies, for instance, offered a rental averaging over \$3,500,000 a year. It was estimated by Secretary O. C. Merrill of the Federal Power Commission that such an installation would furnish an amount of power equal to 80 percent of the total electrical energy produced in the six adjoining states in 1926, and that the "surplus" power for general distribution would be six times the maximum amount required for fertilizer production.

This, the best of the bids, was, however, nowhere near good enough. By improvements at the site of Muscle Shoals itself, without controlling the headwaters of the river, the government might generate enough power to bring it about \$48,000,000 a year more than it is now receiving. Thus, on the mere basis of the best return on its investment, the government might far better retain the plant, make the desirable additions, and do the operating.

But there is a broader reason for government operation. The private-power companies, through the holding-company accretions, are rapidly approaching a national monopoly. The service of power has long been a local monopoly. As public utilities, the operating companies are theoretically regulated by commissions, since it would be unjust and unwise to allow them to exercise monopoly powers over the price and efficiency of such a basic necessity. But regulation has broken down in important respects, and in other important respects has never been extended far enough. By means of intricate theories of valuation of their properties, the companies have in many cases prevailed upon commissions and courts to allow them returns which yield extravagant profits to the owners of common stock. Other important abuses have sprung up. Power wholesaled across state lines is unregulated; holding companies are unregulated. Local publicly owned plants furnish little check to these practices, because they are usually too small to obtain adequate efficiency. It is therefore argued that the public should own and operate a few major producing systems, as measuring sticks of the prices, profits and service of the big companies, and to act as a competitive check to the private monopoly. For similar reasons, the private utilities have exhausted every resource to prevent public agencies from operating or constructing any of the important remaining major sources of power—Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, the St. Lawrence or the Columbia Rivers. They are frankly afraid, not that government operation would be inefficient, but that, on the contrary, such projects would show the public how cheaply power could be obtained were it not for the intervention of private profit.

If the present Muscle Shoals bill is passed in a desirable form, it will furnish a means, both of

remunerating the government handsomely for its investment, and of safeguarding the consumers of power in the accessible states. The sum advanced by the government is to be retired, with interest, by the federally owned operating corporation. Some of the profits are to be used in fertilizer experimentation and in the manufacture of fertilizer. We hope that this concession to the farmers will not be phrased so that the corporation will be forced to lose large amounts in making costly nitrates, by an antiquated process, at an unsuitable location. There is almost sure, however, to be plenty of surplus power for sale at a low but remunerative price. In order to protect the consumers thereof, the corporation should be empowered to make contracts with private distributing corporations specifying the resale price, to construct transmission lines of its own, and to sell to municipalities or other publicly owned distributing units, which should have a preference in the use of the output.

A veto of such a measure, which would be both good business for the government and good business for the citizen, is to be expected. If it comes, it will provide a major issue for the campaign. If Governor Smith's water-power policy in New York State, the product of years of careful thought and stated clearly in unequivocal terms, is not to be repudiated, he can hardly avoid advocating government operation of Muscle Shoals. Secretary Hoover has announced his adherence to the Coolidge policies; his position on this issue has never been declared, although on several occasions he has leaned toward the private-power people. If he should choose the more courageous and intelligent course of supporting such a bill as seems about to be passed by Congress, we should have the rare experience of seeing the two opposing candidates united on one of the most important policies before the people. If not, a lively debate is to be expected, which will for the first time put power into national politics in a way to arouse widespread popular interest and understanding. A confused and long-suppressed issue will at last have attained the prominence it deserves.

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Egypt, Empire and League

ONE might maintain, as a plausible paradox, the opinion that it is the less disturbing of the problems of imperialism which in the end matter most. Egypt will never again be the center of a European storm. France sold out her interests more than twenty years ago. A secular Turkish Republic has forgotten the lapsed suzerainty of the Caliph-Sultan. One recalls with a wrench of surprise the days when Egypt was the most hotly contested of all the stakes in the diplomatic game. Today, it seems as securely anchored within the British zone of control as Cuba is in the American. Nor is it probable that the disaffection of its people will ever cause an anxious afternoon to the Committee of Imperial Defense.

The Egyptians were never a warlike race, not even in the brief morning of glory when the steeds of their chariots pranced on the banks of the Euphrates, and earned for their victorious Pharaoh the obelisk which now adorns Central Park. In modern times they have usually endured the grossest oppression with slavish passivity. The tameness of these big muscular men ranks among the mysteries of national psychology. Their land, it is true, was made to facilitate the operations of tyrants. Everything on its surface is visible. There is barely a hill behind which a guerrilla leader might shelter. It is as flat, as green, as dependent on its canals as Holland, the stubbornest cradle of free men. Even before the coming of the aeroplane, a few British battalions, with an ironclad anchored off Alexandria, could always command its twelve million inhabitants and its native army. The slow growth of an intense nationalist sentiment has altered nothing in the soldier's problem. There is no subject people in the world so united and so homogeneous. For practical purposes it is of one race and one religion, for the Turkish governing caste, on whose traditions an astute ruler could play, a generation ago, is gradually blending in the national mass; while the Coptic Christians, who were in Lord Cromer's day an isolated and suspicious minority, tend now to ultra-nationalism. Yet from this solid cohort of muscular, and in the main believing, Moslems, the alien Christian garrison has nothing worse to fear than an occasional riot, or a spasmodic murder. Empire in Egypt makes problems rather for the policeman than the soldier. Egypt, however, causes, and for twenty years has caused, chronic moral discomfort. Its disaffection is vocal, and finds utterance in articles and orations of remarkable violence. Its unanimity affects the nerves of British residents and their families. It may suffice, at the height of a crisis, to dispatch a couple of super-dreadnoughts to its coast, or to order the aeroplanes to circle low round the minarets

of Cairo. These expedients, however, are as unseemly as they are effective. They make unpleasant reading in the Continental press. They accord ill with the legend of the liberal Empire. A sensitive ear can detect the hum of these aeroplanes, when the League's Assembly meets at Geneva. Egypt, in short, is a test of the Empire's moral ambition. On the Nile it has nothing to fear—only its good name hangs in the delicate balance.

The scale, at the moment, has dipped against us. We have one more failure to register in a lengthening series of efforts to reach a workable compromise. Something, in the negotiations which have broken down, was certainly conceded—one ought, perhaps, to say much, when one recalls the general outlook of this Tory administration. But it was not enough, and with a fresh period of coercion before it, the Egyptian people is plainly as unanimous and determined as it was when Zaghoul Pasha led it. The issues, I think, have simplified themselves. The Sudan is no longer in the foreground, and one supposes (though I confess my own surprise) that Egyptians may in the end acquiesce in the loss of their share in the great and wealthy provinces which their docile troops and patient taxpayers helped Lord Kitchener to recover. The many delicate questions which turn on the status of foreigners in the Nile Valley were not settled to the satisfaction of the Nationalist party—a name which now covers nine-tenths of the native population. But even here London yielded much.

The Capitulations make a privileged and extra-territorial status for a numerous foreign population, including an undesirable fringe of Levantine hucksters, usurers and traders in women, with the bankers, contractors and cotton-brokers who handle most of Egypt's wealth. Not only are they subject to their own consular courts, they are immune from all direct taxation. This latter advantage London was willing to surrender. Much, indeed, remains to be adjusted before this anxious chapter can be closed, but we are far beyond the stage when Lord Cromer could propose as a final constitutional settlement the creation of a Senate, elected solely by the foreign residents, which should have power to veto all the legislation of the Lower House, elected by the Egyptian people. Under this position there is latent the typical conflict of modern imperialism. Egypt has been developed mainly by foreign capital, French as well as British. If ever a party of the Left with a radical social program should come to power, this latent conflict between the foreign capitalist and the native worker and peasant might conceivably blaze into a revolutionary flame.

But of that there is as yet no sign. The nationalist movement, which had its origin in the small

literate class, filtered slowly down to the peasant mass, and won their ardent support as a result of what they had endured during the War, when a labor corps was, in effect, raised by compulsory drafting and by the roughest methods. Today the village listens while the hot-headed leading articles of the Cairene press are read aloud under the palm-trees—listens, believes and votes. Trade unions sprang into life during the early post-war ferment, and took their part in the general strike, which made inevitable the concession of nominal independence. But in spite—or perhaps because of its firm popular basis, the Zaghloulist party (the "Wafd") shows no traces of radicalism in its economic policy. It is dominated by the great land-owners, and has so far refused to grant any legal status to the trade unions, in spite of their services to the national cause. Native capitalism, in this pious but wealthy land, developed slowly. Only twenty years ago, I can recollect meeting wealthy Egyptians who would not deposit their money in a bank, since Islam forbids the taking of interest. The leadership in the modern capitalist development of Egypt fell, therefore, to Europeans, or to Armenians, Syrians, Christians and Copts. The Egyptians who have followed in their wake have done so as share-holders and partners. There are few signs on the horizon of a cleavage of interest between foreign and native capitalists, nor has politics advanced as yet to the consideration of social questions. That is everywhere the penalty for absorption in the issue between nationalism and foreign control.

The real issue which emerges in the rejection of the Sarwat-Chamberlain Treaty is the simplest and the most fundamental which imperialism presents. It is the issue of foreign conquest. The military occupation still persists, and it was only vaguely that Sir Austen Chamberlain hinted at its eventual modification. Here, too, however, something was conceded. By one of those pathetic tricks with words in which only diplomatists indulge, the draft treaty declared that the presence of a British garrison on Egyptian soil is not to have the character of an occupation. But the blunt demand was continued that Great Britain shall "have the right to maintain on Egyptian territory such armed forces as the British government considers necessary for the protection of the lines of communication of the British Empire." There followed, however, a promise that is not without importance. After the lapse of ten years, the question of the localities in which these forces shall be stationed is to be reconsidered, and this question may be submitted to the League of Nations.

One need use few words to explain why this issue of the occupation is a capital question for the Egyptians. Were the troops confined to a limited zone along the shores of the Canal, a friendly settlement might have been reached twenty years ago. That, indeed, was the solution which the brilliant

nationalist leader of those days, Mustafa Kemal, authorized me to publish over his name. But the British claim has always been to station the troops at its own discretion, and, in fact, they are massed in and around Cairo. They parade at critical moments of tension and negotiation through the streets of the capital, and it was under the influence of such demonstrations that the British Resident was able (long after the concession of nominal independence) to veto the choice of Zaghloul Pasha as Prime Minister, in spite of the sweeping triumph of his party at the polls. While this power of intimate intimidation remains, Egypt understands that she is not yet a free nation. To the hint of something rather better, ten years hence, she answers by counting the sixty several occasions, during forty-odd years, on which Downing Street has promised the end of the occupation.

It is not easy to disentangle the motives which still stand in the way of a frank fulfillment of these pledges. How far is London really anxious about the safety of the Canal, and how far is it determined to retain an instrument for the coercion of Egypt? There may be valid military objections to the leasing of the Canal Zone. It is supplied with water from the interior, which a hostile government in Cairo could cut off. But does the power of the British Empire rest on the actual garrison? Its basis is rather the naval control of the Mediterranean. With Malta at hand, to say nothing of the possession of Palestine and Sinai, is the Canal in any real danger? Against the risk of some surprise act of sabotage (the sinking of a ship in the channel at a critical moment on the eve of war, for example) one supposes that the vigilant police force is the real guarantee. The events which have followed the rejection of the treaty are hardly calculated to reconcile the Egyptians to the occupation. On the plea that certain measures recently before the Assembly endangered foreign residents, the British Resident was instructed to impose his veto. One of them extended the very limited right of public meeting, which prevails at present. Another substitutes elected for nominated persons as headmen of villages. The Egyptians, as they witness this cynical mockery of their nominal independence, may indeed reflect that it is inconvenient to incur the displeasure of Downing Street. But they will also draw the moral that, while a foreign garrison remains in Cairo, they will always be subject to such attentions.

The problem is not urgent: it will not set the Mediterranean on fire. We have endured twenty years of tension often acuter than this: we can survive many more without confessing to the strain. Egyptians are not born, like Boers, with rifles in their hands: there are no such mountains in their land as cradled Sinn Fein. Yet this continual if gentle use of force sets its mark on our age. We govern by aeroplane. Is there a way of escape? Oddly enough, in one clause the rejected treaty

points to it. It promises the intervention of the League (albeit, after a lapse of ten years) to regulate the question of the garrison. Hitherto Downing Street has barred the entry of Egypt into the League. As one of the inducements to make this treaty palatable, the removability of that obstacle is promised. But the strangest part of the story is that Egypt sets no value by that concession, and feels no interest (as Sarwat Pasha put it) in the League.

So deep a degree of distrust is, I think, undeserved. The League, if only by serving as an instrument of publicity, has probably saved Egypt's free neighbor, Abyssinia, from partition by an Anglo-Italian bargain. But is there in the whole world an issue more manifestly made for settlement by an international authority? The foreign population of Egypt includes only a small British

minority: it is a highly composite mixture. Nor is the British the only empire to whose communications the Canal is vital. It is the road also to French Indo-China and to the Dutch Indies. If, indeed, we are on the eve of the outlawry of war, and may lawfully prepare only for such operations of defense as, in the Old World, the League must inevitably sanction, is not the control of the Canal the concern rather of League than of Empire? With the parallel of Gibraltar lurking, however, on the distant horizon, London will invite the attention of Geneva to the problem of Suez only with extreme caution and reluctance. The amazing thing is that in this treaty it did open a door through which, inevitably, the world will catch a glimpse of vistas.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

A Conspiracy in Coal?

AT the recent hearings before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, the officials of the coal miners' union tried to prove the charge that a conspiracy exists to smash the organization. The union maintained that the activities of certain railroads, industrial concerns, banks, and coal operators warrant this charge.

To get at the merits of the contention, it is necessary to consider whether there are any railroads which would profit by such a conspiracy, and whether their ownership of coal lands and mining companies and their interest in the development of traffic would induce them to favor an anti-union policy. Furthermore, are the charges of the union supported by the evidence? It is to be expected, for example, that banks might deny credit to certain coal companies, and that certain coal operators might wish to get rid of the union. But why attribute to a conspiracy something that might be the outgrowth of competitive forces?

The chief consumers of bituminous coal are the railroads, industrial concerns and utility companies. As it happens, the railroads consume about 28 percent of the product. Naturally they want cheap coal. Since they haul the coal used by all other consumers, they are also interested in having a large volume of traffic. They own large areas of coal lands and control many coal companies. They are interested in the development not only of their own coal lands, but of those of independent companies who furnish the railroads traffic. It is to the interest of both the railroads and the mining companies to have as broad a coal market as possible.

The coal resources of Virginia, West Virginia and Kentucky are among the richest in the United States. Not only do the railroads which penetrate these regions have large holdings of coal lands and

control many mining companies, but it is also true that coal forms a very important part of their traffic. Thus they are interested in the development of this large section of the country. The Pennsylvania Railroad largely controls the Norfolk and Western Railroad, and through it the coal lands and mining companies which it owns. The Pennsylvania owns \$57,863,000 of the common stock and \$12,008,000 of the preferred stock of the Norfolk and Western, and four of the directors of the Pennsylvania are also directors of the other road. This stock ownership gives the Pennsylvania an important degree of control and a large influence far beyond the territory penetrated by the Pennsylvania system.

The Norfolk and Western Railway owns the Pocahontas Coal and Coke Company, and has large holdings of coal lands. Other railroads penetrating the Southern coal fields have similar holdings. For example, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company owns the Western Pocahontas Fuel Company, the Western Pocahontas Corporation and the Chesapeake Mineral Company. The Virginian Railway Company owns the Loupe Creek Colliery Company. The Southern Railway controls the Railway Fuel Company. The Western Maryland Railway Company owns the Maryland Smokeless Coal Company and the West Virginia Central and Pittsburgh Railway Company, which, with the Maryland Smokeless Coal Company, owns about 110,000 acres of coal lands, 31 mining plants and 823 coke ovens.

When the railroads apply to the Interstate Commerce Commission for freight rates which will yield "a fair return on their investment," they demand rates as high as possible for the transportation of coal. And when the Commission is considering their expenses of operation, they include the

highest possible prices for the coal they consume, because the cost of coal, next to labor cost, is the largest single item of expense to the railroads. Both of these tendencies were illustrated in 1922 in the Reduced Rates Case, when the commission was considering the reduction of freight rates. It considered not only both these angles of the question, but also the question of fixed rates which would enable the Eastern railroads to pay \$2.50 per ton for their coal.

The Northern coal operators say they could sell the railroads coal at this price, pay the union scale of wages and make money. But when the railroads beat the Northern price down to \$1.60 or lower and get coal from the Southern fields as low as \$1.25, the Northern operators not only cannot make money, but many of them have to close down their mines. Those who do not close down, try to shift the burden to the miners by lowering the wage scale.

How is it that the railroads can beat down prices so readily? How is it that the refusal of business to operators would be important enough to induce them to change their labor policy? Since the railroads, as a group, are the largest buyers of bituminous coal, they can easily pit one operator against another to obtain a reduction in the price of coal. Operators who are served by only one railroad vie with one another to get the railroad's business. Some railroads make it a policy to distribute their purchases among operators along their lines. Thus they not only play off one operator against another along their own lines, but in some cases they play off union against non-union operators in the same way.

Coal contracts frequently contain a provision that the price shall vary with labor costs. Thus, what is taken out of labor is passed along to the buyer. Such contracts give the buyer a direct interest in a labor policy which results in low labor costs, regardless of how they are obtained.

Since the operators are disorganized, and the victims of chaotic competition, they yield to the pressure of the organized buying power of railroads, industrial firms, and public-utility companies. The purchasing agents of these organizations are members of the National Association of Purchasing Agents. This association put out a bulletin dated December 18, 1926, which put stress, not only on obtaining lower prices but on influencing the labor policy of the operators. The union considers this sufficient evidence of a policy of beating down wage levels and destroying the system of collective bargaining.

In the statement which the union made to the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, January 17, 1928, it claimed to have evidence that the railroads definitely interfere in the labor policy of the producers of coal. The union cites instances in which railroads refused to buy coal from operators who deal with the union. In other instances, the union claims, the operators were told they could get the railroad business if they would operate their

mines on a non-union basis. Later, the union brought before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee three operators whose statements seem to furnish some foundation for these charges.

Labor costs frequently amount to 70 percent or more of the cost of producing coal. Naturally, then, the railroads are in favor of a labor policy which results in low labor costs. This enables them to get cheap coal. Low labor costs also permit the mining companies in which the railroads are interested to extend their markets. The same is true for independent mining companies which the railroads serve.

The interest of the railroads in the development of the Southern coal fields largely explains why they favor a labor policy which results in low labor costs. Besides having rich resources easily penetrated, a good quality of coal and low freight rates, many of the mines in the Southern fields have only recently been opened and conducted as large-scale operations. This has enabled the operators to take advantage of the best mining methods and to introduce the most modern machinery.

To gain still further advantages in labor costs, the operators of the Southern fields maintain a regime of individual bargaining. This enables them to undercut wages in the union fields. Generally they do not allow the miners to have checkweighmen to guard them against unfair weighing. The absence of a definite scale of wages for taking down rock and slate permits them to drive hard bargains with the miners. They have company stores which can easily be made a further source of exploitation, if the miners have no alternative trading places.

Not only do they refuse to deal with the union, but they maintain armed guards to keep union organizers from persuading their employees to join the union. They employ undercover men to point out those who are sympathetic with the union, who are then discharged. They compel each employee to sign an agreement that he will not join the union (the "yellow dog" contract). This gives them a basis of legal action against the union, if its organizers persuade their employees to join. They have obtained injunctions from the courts which have declared the union a conspiracy in restraint of interstate commerce. The injunctions also limit the union in the exercise of its rights of free speech, free press, and lawful assemblage, on the theory that inducing the non-union miners to join the union hinders the employers in the conduct of their business! Some of the injunctions have even prohibited the union from supplying striking miners with money and merchandise. If the members disobey the injunctions in any way, they are in contempt of court and subject to punishment without trial by jury. As a result, after many years of effort, the union is still unable to organize the Southern fields.

Low labor costs, low prices, good quality of coal, and disproportionately low freight rates on long hauls have made the competition of Virginia, West

Virginia and Kentucky the most important competitive factor in the bituminous coal business east of the Mississippi. Between 1909 and 1925, the percentages of total shipments which went to Lake cargo markets changed for West Virginia from 28.25 percent to 59.5 percent, for Ohio from 19 percent to 5.5 percent, for Pennsylvania from 52.25 percent to 9.5 percent and for eastern Kentucky from 4 percent in 1914 to 25 percent in 1925. A similar shift is apparent in tonnage shipments to New England via Northern railroads as compared to Southern railroads. The shipments over the Southern railroads increased from 29 percent in 1919 to 54 percent in 1925, and those of the Northern railroads decreased from 71 percent to 46 percent during the same period.

As a further indication of the transfer of business from Northern to Southern fields, between 1923 and 1925, the production of Illinois decreased 16 percent, that of Indiana 19 percent, and that of Ohio 31 percent. The production of West Virginia, on the contrary, increased 13 percent, and that of Kentucky 23 percent. As late as 1921, Kentucky ranked below Ohio; in 1925, it produced nearly twice as much as Ohio. In 1923, Pennsylvania led West Virginia by 64,000,000 tons, while in 1927, West Virginia exceeded the production of Pennsylvania by 20,673,000 tons.

Since the last decade of the nineteenth century, the operators in the Northern union fields have complained about the competition from the Southern non-union fields. As a condition of granting wage increases in the union fields, they have demanded that the union organize the non-union fields. Basic standards in wages, hours and working conditions were generally conceded to be the most important limitation on cut-throat competition which could be established under existing conditions. This would compel operators to obtain a larger market through efficiency in production and more effective sales methods, instead of reducing wages.

In order thus to raise the level of competition, however, these basic standards should be established throughout the industry. Although the operators of the union fields have recognized this fact, they have left the union to assume the entire burden of obtaining results. Not only have they failed to exert an effective influence upon the non-union operators in the Southern fields to bring them under the system of collective bargaining, but the union operators have never joined with the union in an appeal to Congress for any form of regulation of the industry. The union appealed in vain to the operators for coöperation along these lines in the Miami Joint Conference, in February, 1927.

While the Southern non-union operators were busily entrenching themselves through alignments with the railroads and by obtaining injunctions against the union, the operators in the union fields have devoted themselves chiefly to fighting the union. As a result, the union has become thoroughly

imbued with the conflict psychology. The possibility of establishing a regime of coöperative industrial relations analogous to the system which exists on the Baltimore and Ohio and other railroads has never received consideration.

In the presence of the conditions discussed above, it is not difficult for the union to conclude that concerted efforts are being made to beat down the union wage scale, and even to destroy the union. But we must also remember that the industry is greatly over-expanded and is undergoing a trying process of deflation. There are too many mines and too many workers to keep them busy throughout the year. As a result, competition is very severe. It is these factors which make it difficult to weigh the relative importance of practices which look like a concerted action to undermine collective bargaining.

There is no question, however, but that definite efforts are being made to establish a non-union regime in Ohio and western Pennsylvania, which have been union districts for decades. The reason given for this policy is that it is necessary in order to meet the competition of the Southern fields. The demand for a wage reduction in these fields is resisted by the union on the theory that one reduction will lead to several more, because the Southern non-union fields will repeatedly undercut the wage scale of the Northern fields.

Thus the competition of Southern fields seems to be the controlling factor in the situation. It follows from this that upon the mining companies and railroads which control the Southern fields falls the major responsibility for developments which will drive the entire industry east of the Mississippi into an increasingly depressed condition. If collective bargaining is destroyed, it will only hasten the decline. The history of the eighties and nineties of the last century demonstrated fully the chaos which follows universal wage-cutting under a regime of individual bargaining.

Those who could do most to better conditions have the least incentive to do so. The desire of the railroads for cheap coal and for traffic which will come from the exploitation of the Southern coal fields is obviously an important factor under the present competitive regime. The determination of the Southern coal operators to continue a labor policy which gives them a competitive advantage is an equal, if not a more important factor.

It is not likely that either the railroads or the Southern operators will surrender any of their advantages unless forced to do so by the government. The question as to what form of regulation is feasible under all the circumstances is likely more and more to take on the aspect of a political issue. But it is certainly to the interest of the operators in the union fields, the miners and the public, that measures should be taken which will permit fair prices, good wages, and economical exploitation of our coal resources.

ARTHUR E. SUFFERN.

San Francisco

The Prosperous Dionysians

SAN FRANCISCO is, of course, ruined. If you should ask Will Irwin or John O'Hara Cosgrave or Arnold Genthe or any of the older expatriates in New York, they would tell you what a marvelous place it was before the Fire, and comment with a sigh on the standardized city that has arisen on the ruins of the town where their own youths were glorious with art and red wine. Or if, turning from these elders to more recent *émigrés*, you should ask W. O. McGeehan or Harold Ross or Lem Parton, they would assure you that it was a great city before the blight of prohibition, and then they would grow lachrymose in reminiscence of famous bars and of free-lunch counters where bland, fat Chinamen sliced the succulent ham or folded little pig sausages between crisp baking-powder biscuit during the cocktail hour. And they would go on to the French and Italian restaurants where everything from generous *hors d'oeuvres* to small blacks and cognac was pleasantly served for fifty cents a customer, with all the sound claret you could drink thrown in.

Today, San Francisco has been ruined again. Montgomery Street, where Mark Twain strolled from bar to bar, where Duncan Nichol mixed the Pisco Punch with liquor from Peru, where mining-stock gamblers lunched leisurely to the rattle of dice, today presents a hard, steel-and-masonry rampart of giant skyscrapers, towering eighteen, twenty, thirty stories into the air. If Emperor Norton should reappear on that street today, the amiably insane old man in his gaudy uniform would be spun nearly off his feet by speeding messenger boys and bond salesmen, while the dogs Bummer and Lazarus, who lived a fat life for years on the bounty of the street, would survive perhaps half a day the wheels of the Yellow cabs that testify to the uniformity of life in America.

What has been written here reeks of alcohol, it will be noticed, like the pages of a Hemingway novel. And if San Francisco has indeed been ruined, it is largely in its alcoholic aspects. They were important aspects, some of them very winsome, and so close to the center of the San Francisco scene that they cannot be slighted in deference to readers who believe that life is real and life is earnest, and that it always was or should have been. For it was San Francisco's refusal to think along these lines that made it San Francisco instead of Portland or some other town. That refusal continues, in a measure. San Francisco remains San Francisco, after every ruination, like the girl who lost her nymé. If its difference from other cities is not so striking as it used to be, it is not so much

that San Francisco has changed as that the country has changed. It has moved rapidly in the direction of the frank, careless hedonism for which San Francisco was once unique. A present-day country-club dance in a more sedate suburb of Philadelphia or Boston would profoundly shock those San Franciscans of the nineties who won in their own time a reputation for frivolity by following a wine-salesman as a social arbiter and by dining Sunday nights at French restaurants filled to overflowing with slightly jingled men and women.

"Slightly jingled," you will notice, with the adverb stressed. It has always been a wine-drinking city, and there was a moderation and wholesomeness in the old life that your released Puritan finds it hard to attain. San Francisco's drinking expressed an attitude toward life. It was part of an un-American willingness to play along the way and to savor things instead of struggling to acquire them. These were simple people, healthy in mind and body, and they loved their hills and bay, their singers and players and painters, even their saintly men, with the same integrity which they brought to their restaurants and their wine. Fear of life is hard to sustain in San Francisco, and even the stern business of getting dollars is conceived as a necessary chore that should give way whenever possible to something more gracious. Nowhere in America is there less in evidence the cold teleological eye, the cautious hand withheld, the lifted eyebrow, the distrust of playfulness in every form—symptoms all of a business discipline taken over bodily from a cautious and fearful religion.

Perhaps the heterogeneous character of the San Francisco population has had most to do with its good fortune in escaping the sterility of evangelical go-getterism. California in 1849 was only nominally a territory of the American union. It was an exotic far-off land, and the gold rush brought together men from every race on terms of something like equality. San Francisco has had large Italian and French colonies from the beginning, and the Irish came very early. The Catholic Church, modified by Spanish traditions, was a tolerant and liberalizing influence in all those matters of behavior and manners that latterly loom more important than matters of doctrine and belief. Most of us had rather live with men who take their theological doctrine from Rome but mind their own business than with men who determine their own creed but insist also on determining the habits of their neighbors. But here again it is the heterogeneity that counts, and the Catholic Church owes its popularity with American liberals to its function of offset-

ting meddlesome evangelicals rather than to more positive virtues. Methodists, too, felt the liberalizing influence of a community where nothing beyond an amiable *laissez-faire* would have been tolerated.

There are, of course, large foreign populations in all our cities. The San Francisco difference lies in the equality with which groups elsewhere alien and at a disadvantage have here lived with their Anglo-Saxon neighbors. The city's largest financial institution is the Bank of Italy, with a Gianini as chairman of its board and a Bacigalupi as president. Even in the higher financial circles there is no tight little oligarchy bound together by a common race and culture and religion such as Boston knows. Any number of families in San Francisco enjoy *entrée* into some Chinese household and exchange occasional social courtesies. No housewife or shopper worthy of the name but has her favorite Chinese shop and merchant or salesman, and the curious aloof fear felt by many eastern visitors to Chinatown is a source of wonder and amusement to San Franciscans. In the Latin quarter at the foot of Telegraph Hill, where Italians, Spanish, Mexicans and French live in wind-swept tenements, there are shops where you can watch them unpacking peasant ware fresh from the ship, and can buy for a few cents stuff that would cost three times as much in the fashionable shops uptown. You not only can, but you do. And in the restaurants of the quarter, with full police connivance and a minimum of interference from the discouraged "federals," they sell not-bad red and white wine for two bits the generous mug, or the fiery *grappa*, or delicious *tequilla* cocktails, or, for a little more, very decent Bourbon and Scotch.

But prohibition and the automobile have all but wiped out the old life of the restaurants. Perhaps more persons still dine out, *per capita*, than in any other American city, but there is no longer that mass dining at restaurants on Saturdays and Sundays which gave these nights the feeling of community fetes. Now, on Saturday noon, the streets erupt in a pandemonium of horns and traffic-whistles and shifting gears, and by two o'clock the town is all but deserted by the solvent in favor of concrete highways leading to Monterey, Carmel, the Russian River, the valleys of Napa and Sonoma counties, the nearby suburbs of Marin and San Mateo counties, or even the foot-hills and lower canyons of the Sierra, with Yosemite itself only seven hours away over a new All-Year highway. The motor age found San Francisco imprisoned on the narrow tip of a peninsula, with broad salt water on three sides. On the fourth, the city is cut off by high hills. It could never sprawl. It could never merge with the country, and this physical circumstance has had much to do with the cockneyism, the essential urbanity, of its people and their pleasures. But the automobile would not be denied, and of late years tens of millions have been spent for new auto

ferries and new highways, with grandiose bridge projects well under way.

Yet San Francisco does remain urban. It retains an urban smartness and chic, and an urban refusal to meddle with the habits and morals of its neighbors. Most of our western and mid-western cities are small towns on a large scale. San Francisco was never a village, and since the fifties a process of natural selection has been at work to keep it in character. The westward-migrating Easterner who likes folksiness, service clubs, and apple pie à la mode will choose Los Angeles every time. Or he will choose Oakland, twenty minutes by ferry across the bay, just now feeling its oats, as Brooklyn once did, but as surely destined for absorption in the greater city, when the trans-bay bridge becomes a reality.

Nor have the automobile and the call of the country interfered with the less frivolous pleasures provided by the arts. Alfred Hertz, for many years director of German opera at the Metropolitan, conducts an excellent symphony orchestra, supported by many subscribers without the aid of any one outstanding philanthropist. It uses a theater for its subscription concerts and the civic auditorium for Sunday afternoon "pops." Five or six thousand people commonly gather on a Sunday afternoon and endure the poor acoustics. Recently the city voted \$4,000,000 to supplement \$2,000,000 of private donations for a war memorial that will take the form of a concert hall and opera house. There will also be an art gallery, although the city is already well supplied. There is vitality and intelligence in the city's art-life. Supporting the artists now, as for many years in the past, are a surprising number of discriminating amateurs and dilettantes among architects, professional men, bankers, and what not. The large colony of wealthy Jews, established now for three generations, includes many generous and intelligent buyers. Murals are in vogue among architects, and recently one of the great public utilities put in commission handsome new ferries, the salons of which were adorned with decorative maps or charts in the modern manner by one of the younger and more radical men. Perhaps the arts in San Francisco have owed much to the influence of the Bohemian Club, but today it stands for stodgy reaction, and eighteen of its best artist-members refused to exhibit at its 1927 annual when its sculptor-president ruled out the canvases of Lucien Lebaudt as too modern. Modernism, indeed, struck the San Francisco painter-colony very hard, and for some years now even its best members have been exhibiting studies in organization and design that might as well have been painted in Paris or Greenwich Village as in the glowing sun-shot air of California.

Lacking the wider markets of Fifth Avenue and the pot-boiler possibilities in magazine-illustrating, San Francisco's artists have been driven toward commercial work, with results by no means deplorable. The city's billboards attracted wide attention

for a number of years, until the sales manager of the monopoly tired of lecturing in design to advertising managers who knew what they wanted. But the large agencies give employment to many men who use their leisure to good advantage—and save up for a year of real work. An interesting indication of the city's esthetic sophistication and awareness is its showing in the printing craft. When the American Institute of Graphic Arts announced its awards last spring, it named Ed Grabhorn of San Francisco as winner of the medal for the best book of the year. Grabhorn was represented in the Institute's list of "Fifty Books" with three other volumes, while John Henry Nash, Taylor and Taylor, and the Windsor Press had one each—seven books of fifty-one in a competition that brought in all the New York and Boston publishers. Art is no hybrid in San Francisco, and its artists lead a normal life uninsulated from the rest of the community. San Francisco is capable of keeping the devotion of such men as Bruce Porter, who designed the Robert Louis Stevenson memorial in Portsmouth Square, and of Arthur Mathews, mural painter, maker of furniture, fine printer.

And yet—San Francisco is the business and financial center of the Pacific Coast. Its stock and bond exchange now does a business second only to that of the New York Exchange. Here, as elsewhere, consolidations are the order of the day—in oil, in public utilities, in banks, in shops and factories. Fewer and fewer become the men who are on their own. And the technique of business organization operates here, as elsewhere, to wear smooth, in deplorably uniform patterns, the human beings who operate these vast and spreading machines. There are shoals of salesmen and service-club yes-men as depressing as any to be found in Zenith. If Stevenson were to revisit Montgomery Street today, he would search long and fruitlessly for such disreputable and engaging figures as he paraded in "The Wreckers." He would find instead battalions of personable, correct, likable enough young men—ardent players of golf and products of those new colleges of business administration from which our universities manage to turn out graduates who are not only ignorant but contemptuous of all the requisites of a liberal education. On its proletarian levels, too, San Francisco has lost that old gusto of swaggering and unabashed vulgarity that began with the miners of 1849 and swung over into the rowdy unionism of Dennis Kearney and his successors. Here, as elsewhere, a mentally bankrupt and boss-led labor movement keeps faltering step with American capitalism as mass production scatters radios and Fords. In its industrial relations the famous old water-front is now dominated by a company union, with a card-system for job-seekers, while Three-Fingered Jack's has given place to a huge new Army and Navy Y. M. C. A.

What San Francisco keeps, and will always keep, is its glorious physical setting—its hills, its bay, its

sea-tang, its wind-swept freshness. First and last things are these. They make life in San Francisco what it is. Day by day they fill the consciousness and control the moods of the most sluggish of its people. One lives always in a buoyant world and knows a physical happiness fed by bright skies and lovely landscapes. The climate is extraordinarily stimulating. Fresh winds blow every day from the Pacific, and in midsummer commuters crossing on the ferries carry light overcoats. The city streets never stink. Never, even in its tawdrier quarters of cheap restaurants and lodging houses, are there unpleasant odors. Always there is the incentive to exhilaration that one gets on a sea voyage. Indeed, one will get more of the tang and feel of the sea on the humdrum commuters' ride to Marin county than on many a long voyage through less buoyant waters. There are cliffs that would fit perfectly in an Italian painting of the romantic school, and a lovely mountain rising to the north, and a great prison rock in the center of the bay, and a flowing tide running straight from the open Pacific. There are keen salt winds, and often a billowing, chill, white fog streaming in through the Gate or cascading down the landward side of the hills back of Sausalito. As the opalescent gray city recedes, it composes itself like the tail-piece of a Victorian poem—compact and massed as a walled town on its sheer hills rising from the blue bay. Back in the city itself, climbing or cresting the hills, there are ten times a thousand apartments and dwellings where a stranger, moving to the window, would feel the panorama like a blow. The close-built gray city lies just below, and beyond stretches the great blue bowl of the bay, rimmed with far-away hills and accented in the north by the sweeping, lovely curve of Tamalpais. And just outside the cliffs of the Gate one feels the immensity of the open Pacific, or, indeed, sees it at close quarters from the French windows of the new Sea Cliff villas, there below the heights of Lincoln Park where the white marble replica of the Palace of the Legion of Honor dominates the outer heads.

Sensitive men love the city, and, if they are artists, often remain in it to the curtailment of their work. San Francisco has more than its share of dilettantes, and of men who are known for one or two fine things, done long ago. They are fulfilled without effort here. And the call away from drudgery in confined studios and work-rooms is too insistent and seductive. If we accept Nietzsche's terms of Apollonian and Dionysian, then San Francisco is now, and always has been, a Dionysian town. In spite of much brag and belief to the contrary, it is not, and never has been, a favorable environment for the type of artist whose work must grow painfully from inner conflict and tension and from a routine of drudgery. The Puritanism of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks is as hard to achieve here as that of the late Wayne B. Wheeler.

GEORGE P. WEST.

Washington Notes

IT may be that before this piece is printed some one of the four hundred and eighty-odd plots to blow the Herbert candidacy clear out of the political waters will have succeeded, and all that will be left of a once gallant crew will be the torn torso of Ogden Mills, the battered bonnet of Hubert Work, and the leaky gum shoes of the suave, smooth and amiable Slemph, floating about on a bloody sea. But it is not likely. On the contrary, the chances seem to be that, regardless of the outcome in West Virginia, where Guy Despard Goff, that militant exponent of reform, former friend of Harry Daugherty and Assistant Attorney General during the Harding administration, has Main Street in Clarksburg completely concealed under a "Goff for President" banner, the nomination of Hoover will be almost as inevitable as that of Smith.

It will not, of course, be conceded prior to the convention, as the Smith nomination is now conceded. Two things must occur before the opposition to Herbert completely gives up hope. There must, for one, be some sort of concrete demonstration that the "draft Coolidge" idea is without substance or sense. My private belief is that this demonstration will occur before the convention meets—but not very long before. The other thing is that the professional farm leaders of the McNary-Haugen belt must have their chance to stage their show. They have done so much advance advertising that there is no other way out, even though the hollowness of the performance is clearly discernible to all save a few of the McNary-Haugen stars, who are too deeply absorbed in the contemplation of their own histrionic talent to see the facts. The plain truth is that the Mellon statement of a week ago, in the judgment of practically all the genuinely judicious, just about clinches Herbert's nomination. It is pretty generally agreed that he said in effect, "Next to Coolidge and Hughes, Hoover is the best bet." What this means is that on an early ballot—if not on the first—the seventy-nine votes of the Pennsylvania delegation, barring accidents, will be cast for Herbert. Beyond doubt, that will put him over.

It would indeed be interesting to know the steps by which Mr. Mellon was led to make his declaration for Herbert; and any number of more or less plausible stories are floating around Washington as to the influences and incidents that led up to it. There is no space here to dive into the muck of Pennsylvania politics; it is sufficient to say that unless those best posted are mistaken, the Philadelphia conference demonstrated that in the Mellon-Reed-Vare alliance the strongest factor is Vare. When it comes to pushing people around in state politics, it is Mr. Vare who does the pushing and Mr. Mellon and Mr. Reed who are among the pushed. The best evidence of this is the extraordinary act of Mr. Vare in making Mr. Atterbury, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, National Committeeman in place of the late George Wharton Pepper. Pennsylvania tradition—and in fact, custom in nearly all states—is for the national committeeship to go to the senior United States Senator.

Penrose held it and so did Quay, and it went to Pepper merely because it was the tradition. The action of Vare in forcing in Atterbury, between whom and Mr. Mellon there is an undoubted coolness, in place of Reed, is exceedingly illuminating to those interested enough to look beneath the surface. None the less, so long as the old gentleman holds his position as Secretary of the Treasury and has the only Senator of his state practically in his pocket, he is a force, even though not a controlling force, and exceedingly useful to the real controlling power as "window dressing." The bulk of the Pennsylvania delegation was for Herbert before Mr. Mellon came across with his statement. This, however, by no means diminishes the grateful feeling of the Herbert managers toward the old gentleman. Nor does it in the least mollify the wrath of Square-Shooter Watson and other of the anti-Hoover members of the Senate. The Square-Shooter, in the privacy of the cloakroom—jocularly so described—expressed his opinion of Mr. Mellon, I am told, in his own emphatic, unequivocal and free-handed Indiana way. It was not favorable.

I suppose it is still a little premature to discuss the sort of campaign Herbert would make if nominated, but it is none the less true that within the last few days the keenest interest has been displayed, in a more or less private way, in two things—the probable candidate for Vice-President in the event of his nomination, and the probable Chairman of the National Committee to make his fight. On the first point, without discussing individuals, I think the policy adopted by the so-called Hoover managers in dealing with the numerous aspirants for second place and their advocates is worth noting. To those from the Atlantic seaboard—from New York and New Jersey, for example—it is explained that though Mr. Hoover is a Californian he is really looked on as an Eastern man and it will be necessary to balance the ticket by giving him a running mate from the West. To Western aspirants the argument is made that since he is a Western man, it looks as if Hoover would need as a running mate some strong Republican from New York or New Jersey, it being vital to Republican prospects, in view of the probability of the Smith nomination, to have the ticket as strong as possible in New York. This playing both ends against the middle may be a slick trick, but I doubt it.

In the matter of the chairmanship of the National Committee, I do not know—and probably he does not himself know—whom Herbert will select if and when he is nominated. That it will be the unctuous and eulogistic Mr. Good, I very much doubt. That it will not be Dr. Hubert Work, the well meaning but stumble-footed Secretary of the Interior, I am entirely confident. Two others come to mind—Walter Brown of Toledo and Slemph of Virginia. Either of these would make a capable chairman. Walter Brown is a little less spotted, politically, despite his having once worked with the Ohio Gang; but on the other hand, poor Slemph does want the job so badly. He certainly yearned for it in 1924, and he had then earned it from the hands of Coolidge even more completely than he has from the hands of Hoover. It will be recalled that he crept into the Hoover enclosure

a little late, and was by no means one of the original Camp Fire girls. It must be said, however, that since he has been in, no one has done more effective political knitting and conscientious party hem-stitching than he. Slomp is not popular, but popularity is an over-rated proposition. No chairman could possibly have been less popular with politicians than William Morgan Butler in 1924—and look what he did.

Speaking of Mr. Butler, it seems to be accepted by the Boston boys around the Capitol that William Morgan will be the Republican candidate for the Senate in Massachusetts against Dave Walsh this fall. One reason he will be is because no one else wants the Republican nomination. Another reason is because practically everybody in politics expects to see William Morgan get a lovely beating in the November election—and they are all for that.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Platforms and Candidates

WOODROW WILSON, who lived always in an ideal world, had no need to worry about the general policies written by someone else into a political instrument. An idealist lives content among abstractions. After all, the real world breaks into the ideal one in relatively few places at any one time. And, unless discrepancies are outrageous, they can be absorbed, glossed over, made to assume the colors of the ideal, especially by one skilled in exegesis.

The perfect antithesis would be furnished by the mental operations of one who had no flair for the abstract, who looked at facts without the intervention of little puffs and wisps of intervening theoretical fog, and whose sole test lay in human consequence. Such a man is Governor Smith. The astonishing clarity of his vision, the extreme practicality of his judgments, form the perfect contrast with Wilson's mind. But such a person is apt to interpret written instruments much more literally.

Presented with the need for action, Wilson necessarily prepared the way with an elaborate rationale. He became the Allied spokesman during the War in just such a crisis. With Governor Smith, action comes first; practical solutions for real problems are judged directly. His is a singularly ungeneralizing mind. Think, for instance, how little anyone knew of his general philosophy when he began to be talked of for the presidency, and this after many years of public life. Even the closest students of his work could not guess what his attitude might be toward the larger issues of national policy. Even now they do not know.

Each of these contrasting attitudes has its strengths and weaknesses—the failure of liberal idealism of the Wilsonian sort is, for instance, just in its inability to meet situations flexibly, to find solutions with direct apprehension but with freedom from reference to a general philosophy. A wreckage of liberal principles, piled upon the solid reefs of necessity, is strewn all along the margins of a decade now. But the principles of conservatism, quite as general and fixed, have fared no better. The best les-

son we could learn from recent history would be that of the direct approach. And it seems a happy chance that a figure like that of the New York Governor should have arisen just now to assume the leadership in a genuinely experimental quest for spheres of federal action. There are dangers, however, as we shall presently see.

Someone is sure to suggest, just here, that Hoover, also, is a practical man, that, indeed, he is the more perfect specimen, being an engineer. Such a judgment of Hoover, however, rests upon a superficial understanding of his work. He has administered affairs superbly. His reorganization of his Department in Washington is admittedly good. But did no one ever notice the limitations within which he has worked? The differences between the Food Administration here and those in France and England were profound. Ours depended upon a voluntarism which must have broken down under any genuine stress. The work of the Bureaus of his Department which have assisted business has run directly counter to the aims of the Federal Trade Commission in several important aspects. It is not that the work of the Department is bad; so far as it goes, it is excellent; it is that Hoover judges it to be the government's function to assist, but never to control, industrial processes. He has said so many times. Simplification, standardization, association, all are inevitable developments; but they bring a corollary need for national planning which Hoover will not recognize; and no platform could conceivably affect his attitude.

Why is it that his industrial philosophy carries him exactly so far and no further? Precisely because it is an industrial philosophy! He is one of those persons who have learned the orthodox lessons of *laissez-faire* and voluntarism so well that they will never escape. That is why, with all his greater intelligence, Hoover has found the conservative Republican fold congenial. He looks on the surface like an experimenter. In reality, he possesses a great faith in the nineteenth-century system; if he is made President, the government will be kept carefully out of business. He would be as safe a President as we have ever had.

But Governor Smith would be far from "safe" in this sense. He could not, for instance, be depended on to oppose any genuine farm relief, or nationalization of the coal mines, or even the setting up of something in the nature of comprehensive industrial control, as Hoover could. He might conceivably turn to any expedient which offered better operation, because he has an experimenting mind rather than a closed one. His temper is correct; his intelligence is unquestionable; his sympathies are with common folk; he has given no hostages to principle. His administration might be a genuinely revolutionary one. On the other hand, it might not. There are some disquieting signs.

There is one danger, in particular, which needs to be noticed now. The platform may commit him to a system of ideas to which conformance might later be forced. If the old-line Democratic Senators should be entrusted with its writing, the states'-rights, *laissez-faire* philosophy might stand out so prominently in it as definitely to tie his hands in the critical junctures of expediency. His pragmatism might be warped into Wilsonian liberalism, or even something worse. Those followers of his who have been trusted

in the shaping of his New York policy ought especially to guard themselves at this point. It is all very well to say that the man and his own pronouncements are everything, and that the party platform is nothing. But this can be overstressed. The Governor himself, in his Jackson Day letter, pled for the formulation of policy in advance of the convention. His own pre-convention silence may have been partly scrupulous; partly, of course, it is traceable to a real dislike for speaking in general terms, perhaps also a distrust of his ability to formulate a philosophy. He himself said, of party platforms, that, in recent years, they "have been too general in their terms."

What he has hoped for, apparently, has been a formulation of policies by Democratic leaders, not in general but in specific terms, which should guide his own action. This is modest, perhaps, but it is also dangerous. In this campaign it is not the Democratic principles of "the greatest degree of local self-government by the states, the minimum of interference by the federal government or the State with the local habits and concerns of any other state," which can win. Only a positive and specific attitude on some dozen issues for a fighting candidate to carry directly to the people can win for the Democrats. If the platform cannot set out these issues clearly, it can at least not get in the way. But it certainly will if the old Democratic wheel-horses write it out of the pure Southern tradition.

The difficulties in which the Governor might find himself are excellently illustrated in his Jackson Day letter. He asked the National Committee, of all organizations in the world, to formulate a set of principles, and went on to say that the great questions before the country should be studied in the light of these principles. From his own point of view, this is sheer nonsense. It is bad judgment, in the first place, to ask a body of political hacks for specific answers to any problems; the most they are capable of is mealy platitudes. And in the second place, it illustrates the fundamental danger and weakness of the pragmatic attitude itself when it remains unconscious of its own experimentalism. The Governor wants to lean on principles, evidently, not seeing that, if he does, he may lose half his usefulness and his appeal. Furthermore, there are no accepted principles on which farm relief, or a wholly effective industrial policy, can be based. In these fields, the Republicans have the best and oldest set of principles, which are, of course, of the *laissez-faire* sort; and these prevent their assent to any common-sense expedients. The only alternative the Democrats can offer—and it is not real—is states' rights; and this is worse.

It may be that, in this matter, we come within sight of the Governor's fundamental weakness, his particular inferiority complex. He functions smoothly and effectively upon specific problems; he shivers slightly when confronted with the academic enterprise of generalization, realizing that there is something there he cannot fathom, respecting it, fearing it a little. This is a side of his nature which the governorship has not forced into growth. His advisers, if they are genuinely sympathetic, and if they care for his program, will have to build up bit by bit the generalizing habit in his mind, gradually forcing his experimentalism into conscious acceptance as a philosophy. If he should become President, they could not always guide

him; before he gets so far, this grave weakness may become extremely embarrassing. And just at present they ought to attend to the platform-making with the greatest care. For it is just this sort of thing which the Governor cannot do; perhaps, indeed, has no interest in; but which he might respect all too solemnly on a day when issues were at stake. President Wilson loved such tasks; he let no man write his principles, since that was, *par excellence*, his own field. He could disregard a platform and write a better one. This, Governor Smith cannot do. The platform is, therefore, crucial. It ought to be shaped with care.

R. G. TUGWELL.

Dialect and the Heart

FOR scope, finality and a kind of exact solidity and power, as well as beauty, Mrs. Julia Peterkin's "Black April" must be the best book written so far about the Southern Negro. For the honor of being the worst, there must be many competitors. Once the trend was sentimental and romantic, with visionary feudalisms, graces and gallantries distributed among the whites, and a touching fidelity, flattering naïveté and far too picturesque picturesqueness and quaint quaintness assigned to the Negroes. Such writing had its charms, and its pleasing appeal, and it recorded a stage in race attitude and a period in literary style. It had little either of actuality or passion, little exactitude or poetry.

And now in our own time in the more realistic and liberal treatments, the result is little better as a rule. It may be more acceptable to modern theory and literary taste, but as creative art it is on the same level as its forerunners. The glowing fertility of Negro material, their ways, characteristic types and their speech, is, as a matter of fact, very deceiving. Sketching them has something of the deception to it that sketching in Naples has—these street urchins, these extravagant façades, this bright color, look like a picture already to hand, and then we see the result, painting that is either raw and foolish, or post-card, or mild sentiment done in water-color mixed with milk.

Anyone with an ear knows how quickly you discern talent by the sound of the author's first pages, and why Mother Goose, therefore, is better poetry than most of Longfellow. Anyone with a better ear knows how hard the beat of spoken talk is to catch, and, with an ear still better, how elusive is dialect and native speech, how rarely that pulse and tone is contrived on the written page, and how rarely that character of life and truthful color is achieved.

In this direction, first, Mr. Emmet Kennedy's "Gritny People" (New York: Dodd, Mead) takes its start. For a certain limpid ease in their talk out of which the people in his book emerge and become themselves, and for perfection of dialect, "Gritny People" must be one of the best books anywhere at all about the Negro.

This book is not a novel. It is true, as the jacket says, that the characters "gather at old Aunt Susan Smiley's cook-shop for a Sunday jollification," and that "they tell their stories, sing their songs, eat, drink and make merry."

But you could hardly say that "Gritny People" is a group of stories even, and certainly you must not conceive that the author's plan is to have Felo, Chester and the rest of them there at the cook-shop telling tales like Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims. The progress of the book is more elusive than that. The stories that come to light as the pages turn are often short and only half-implied, though sometimes they are fuller and carried through their proper parts as tales. What makes "Gritny People's" excellence is the characters and their talk; and out of them and what they say the stories arise for you, the reflection of the Louisiana country and the life around them, their past with its tinge of old French, the white folks with whom they are mingled. By the time the last line is read, the range of incidents that has appeared is remarkable, from Carmelite's raffle, the wake for Gussie, the death of Peesah when Tempe, his wife, stuck a needle through his navel, Tempe's death when she fell into the well on her midnight search for stinging nettles to lay Peesah's ghost, and so on to Lethe's and Felo's fight, and Uncle Foteen's dinner to the imaginary guests from among his dead white folks, when his young master comes home from abroad. The variety of the characters is even more remarkable.

The least good portion of "Gritny People" lies in some of the connecting passages, the plain prose that connects and introduces the characters and their stories. Some of this needs simplifying, and needs to be studied for a more fluent rhythm and for more of that subtle exactitude of expression that appears in the dialect part. But in that dialect writing, what praise must be given to the way in which a heightened music is added to the natural material in order to bring to it a fuller conviction and engaging impression! And what problems and difficulties are solved and overcome—as Pausanias said, speaking of the sacred precincts of Demeter, which he does not describe, those who have been initiated to these mysteries will know what I mean.

"One ole lady dey calls Aunt Milly, Sis Amy Hollan' Ma" is dead. "Come fum Peach Awchud, yonder to Bayou Bahtahyuh," to the church, where they will sing over her. Nobody knows just when she died, for Aunt Amy has been drunk for almost a week and nobody can get the right news from her. Early that morning Lethe and Boogoloo were helping their cousin spread moss to dry, and they saw in the sun a skiff coming down the water with a mosquito-bar up on cane reed poles, and an old man pulling, and Aunt Amy sitting on the back seat, drunk, and her old mother's body lying in the skiff, wrapped in a blanket.

I say: "Aun' Amy, you mus' bin heard de muskeeters was bad out hyuh soon in de mawnin', ain't you?"

She look at me like somebody jus' woke up, an' she say: "Da's w'at dey tell me." Talkin' slow, like her tongue mos' pah'lize.

Boogoloo say: "Aun' Amy, whah you go so soon in de mawnin'?"

She say: "To fetch my ma; yonder to Peach Awchud."

I say: "Aun' Amy, she ain' sick, is she?"

She say: "Da's w'at dey tell me."

Boogoloo say: "She ain' dead, is she?"

Aun' Amy say: "Da's w'at dey tell me."

I say: "When she died, yistiddy?"

She say: "Da's w'at dey tell me."

I say: "An' dey goin' take 'uh all de way to Gritny to wake 'uh, an' hab de berrin'?"

She say: "Da's w'at dey tell me."

In the last chapter of the book we are reading of Felo, who is a yellow man of thirty, the playmate of his young master's childhood, and like a member of the family. He has been deserted by his woman, Lethe, who has gone off to the sugar grindin' with the gallivanting Hellian Lizzie. Felo's master is a bachelor, and now that dinner is over, which Felo has made a trifle special tonight, because he has something he wants to talk over with his master afterwards—there was eggplant stuffed with shrimp and tomato seasoned with onion, thyme, parsley and red pepper macerated with milk and butter; there were yam potatoes baked with marshmallows; pork chops with a Creole gravy of tomato, cloves and lemon peel, and hot biscuits to go with them—Mr. Amos has gone upstairs and lain down with his book. Felo comes to tell his troubles; he is downcast, what is there left to him?

They talk it over, Felo scolding Mr. Amos, as he knows how to do—though only in private—to show his affection; and Mr. Amos sends him to the armoire to get out the whiskey bottle—that will cheer Felo up.

We'll have our drinks, Mr. Amos says, and here's to a big jubilation at Susan's next Sunday and no more disappointments. And now, he says—and this passage ends the book—to bed, for both of them need plenty of sleep and rest if they expect to keep young and always look beautiful.

"Man, quit yo' humbug, for Gawd's sake," and Felo, with a broad smile, fills Mr. Amos' glass and hands it to him, and then his own glass, well up, and downs it with a sounding gulp.

"Who ever tol' you you was beautiful? You know as good as I know, dat Miss Ellen, either Ma Fanny, ain' never rocked either one us on dey lap no time, an' say: 'Go to sleep my pretty baby'!"

STARK YOUNG.

Films across the Sea

THE most interesting of recent film importations from Germany are "Berlin" and "The Trial of Donald Westhoff"; an American film profoundly showing the German influence, "The Last Moment," has received some acclaim; and an American film which is wholly American in technique, but utilizes the German experiments in camera-work, has kept alive the hope that the American director will not utterly lose control of himself—that film is "The Crowd," done by King Vidor.

"The Trial of Donald Westhoff" was a perfect example of the infelicities of the German film as it appears in America. The essential thing in the plot is that the hero knocks the villain (or a villain) insensible; the man is found dead; the hero is accused of murder. At the last moment one discovers that, after he had left, another man came in and did the murder. For some reason this thrill-mystery was made merely the appendage of a film about

a sensitive youth brutally treated by his father, who turns out not to be his father after all. There were scenes of school days, a boy-and-girl love affair, the death of the boy's mother—almost all very dull and not cinematically interesting. Then, when the boy goes off to the city, the pyrotechnics of the camera are quite extraordinary. The producers showed a motor approaching the boy as he flees from the murder—the radiator of the car reduplicates itself a hundred times at every angle in every corner of the screen. All the street and crowd scenes were effective, and some of them had bearing on the feeble theme and on the excellent plot.

In "The Last Moment" there was a special point of importance: the scenario and the production were the work of a single man. Dr. Fejos is himself a scientist, and his first picture was really amateur cinematography. He had a sound idea: the picture opens with a drowning man—one sees his hand clutching the air, then the ripples obscure the picture. Gradually the mysterious distortions are dissipated, the camera returns to normal—we are witnessing the flash of the man's lifetime—as it is supposed to occur to drowning men. At the end we see the suicide again—and the run of the picture, one fancies, is supposed to explain why it occurred.

The life shown is chaotic and more than a little silly, and the way of showing it includes symbolism—as: two love-birds in a cage when two people are married, merging into two scrawny birds tearing at each other—the audience understood the symbolism perfectly. It also includes straight unimaginative realism. And finally it has Germanic camera-angles. Some of these are interesting in themselves, but they are hardly associated with the picture, and the idea of using some abstract films and bits of "Potemkin" as a prelude to this picture was unfortunate, since the contrast was all in favor of the earlier pictures.

"Berlin" is a thoroughly German, thoroughly interesting film. The technical stunts are numerous and various and successful. It is a symphony of a city, say the producers, and omitting all story, as in pure music, they have tried to establish three or four themes by using various rhythms, running one into, over, parallel with, or under, another, mingling them, separating them, contrasting them. It is extremely modern music, for it is without sustained melody; yet it is always fascinating when the camera and the director successfully conspire to give you, unmusically, a series of genre scenes. You observe the life of Berlin from dawn to dawn—more or less. A few figures appear more than once, but most of the picture is a clever composition of well arranged industrial movies, news-reel, and general pictures of city life.

If there is a single motif, it is traffic. The picture begins with a train dashing toward Berlin—it is one of the best speed pictures I have ever seen, the use of the telegraph wires and bridges being masterly, but it is much too long drawn out, and railroads and street cars and buses and motor cars and elevated trains all take up much too much footage for the effect they produce. Much better are the pictures of machinery where, for the first time, some humor has been used in showing colossal machines, in terrifying movements, producing tiny objects—electric light

bulbs or pieces of candy or bottle stoppers. The fantasy of a metropolis is also shown in flashes of a coffee urn which steams like a witch's caldron, or in electric light signs spinning madly in the black sky.

This is, I believe, the first full-length plotless movie. I confess that I was more interested in "The Crowd," because the hero gave me a thread to follow through the maze. The plotless movie creates a series of dots, each representing an excitement of the nerves; and the same movie with a continuing interest, however slight, fuses these dots into the curved line of motion. Presumably in "Berlin" the climax is a suicide—a character not seen before; there is neither motive nor result. In "The Crowd" such an incident would have been used for its effect on a known character in the action.

I have always believed that a plotless movie was possible and, considering the over-emphasis on plot in American films, even desirable. Perhaps if it were perfectly done, one could completely give one's self to the rhythms, to the orchestration of themes. But when the themes break off so suddenly, one wearies. One wants the counterpart for the melody.

The movie was delayed ten years in its progress by a fanciful connection with the drama. I hope it will not suffer another setback because all the experimenters try to make movies in the form of musical compositions. The relation is clear and definite. But the best movies will remain those which are movies—and nothing else.

GILBERT SELDES.

To One Awake

Shut up the book and get you now to bed.
The cold uncrumpled page will keep
Without your aid
The thought of many a better head
Now drugged and dull in sleep.
Get you to sleep.

The sifting darkness like the dust again
Will drift through sockets of the skull, oppress
The throat, the brain,
Bestow as the dim autumnal rain,
Pitiful and passionless,
Its weary kiss.

If in the unclean flesh of sleep are caught
The sightless creatures that uncoil in dream,
Mortal, you ought
Not dread fat larvæ of the thought
That in the ogival bone preform
The fabulous worm.

Or say, this hollow hinterland you walk
Is of a swarthy liege your fief,
Whose bitter milk
Is wrung from out a barren stalk,
Whose honey is the sap of grief
And its dark leaf.

ROBERT PENN WARREN.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Doctors and the Coal Miners

SIR: May I have space in your paper to call attention to the plight of the striking coal miners of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and their destitute families? About 100,000 men have been on strike in this area for more than a year. They have come through a terrible winter and now face a summer made worse by the increased hazard of disease.

Thousands of families live in barracks—thin board shacks absolutely without sanitary convenience. In many camps a single well must do for as many as a hundred families. In these communities there is almost no medical attention for strikers. Most of the private practitioners have been driven out by the poverty of the miners; company doctors are generally cut off from them.

The Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief is sending a doctor into Cambria County, where the situation is at its worst, as the first step in a medical campaign.

Contributions from your readers interested in this work are requested. Address Executive Secretary, Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, Room 1027, No. 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

SUSANNA PAXTON.

Nationalism in Culture

SIR: Let me congratulate the New Republic upon the contribution of Waldo Frank's series of articles on the cultural history of Europe and America.

In dealing with Europe, Mr. Frank's analysis is astonishingly penetrating; his finding, for instance, of the essential homogeneity and continuity until the recent past of Western civilization, as opposed to Spengler's cyclic recurrences, is thoroughly sound.

It is, therefore, all the more surprising that he is so much given to regarding America, so far as its future is concerned, as a phenomenon independent of Europe. A reader might easily, from the tenor of these later studies, draw the conclusion that Mr. Frank is pleading for a nationalism which, as a cultural factor, is dead beyond recall. Yet Mr. Frank was, I believe, among the first to point out the limitations of folk-lore and how little it has been utilized by men of genius of the first order. Is it possible that unconsciously he is casting about for a substitute for this missing American folk-lore, and that he should have been betrayed by some atavistic impulse into applying the standards of a rural civilization to a modern, industrial America of the future?

What does he want us to do—hail Sandburg's "American Song-bag" as the germinating seed of indigenous culture? Or weep over Negro spirituals? Or maybe join in the war whoop and dance of the unwashed native Indian, since he rejects jazz, and rightly, I think?

It seems to me that in his analysis of Europe he underestimated the national element. Nationalism came to grief, and with it the whole interwoven structure of Western civilization. To infer therefrom that nothing of the past is worth saving, making our own, is to be wanting in sound perception, something of which Mr. Frank is not otherwise guilty. After the débris has been cleared away, there is enough left of the past to help us in starting anew.

America, of course, is a special problem, not because of its essential difference from Europe, but because it has failed to come out of the jungle.

He concludes a recent article with the statement that the "positive obstruction is the complex of forces inherited from our past and cluttering the expansion of our potential spirit . . ." which is rather a vague, and therefore a misleading statement. Isn't it true that these ruins in the American jungle are but the empty shell of Europe, or its imitation—only another manifestation of our childish will to power, to possess without having earned, mere intellectual acquisition, importation and "interior decorating," anything but true possession? If this is what Mr. Frank means, then I agree with him, then the solution of the American problem involves not a rejection of Europe but its *discovery*, taking only what we need and transvaluating it in the crucible of our experience.

I fail to see how we can become Americans without first becoming Good Europeans in the Nietzschean sense.

I am afraid Mr. Frank has been absorbed too much by Eastern mysticism, as the mystical approach in his own art seems to indicate, together with his espousal of such men as Hart Crane. Perhaps Mr. Frank believes that in America the East and West shall meet at last; only, it seems to me, mysticism is incompatible with the collective temperament of America and this age of the machine. Simplicity and precision of utterance, no matter how complex the substructure, seem to be more in accord with the spirit of our age.

Making due allowance for temperamental differences, I fail to see that America is anything more than subject-matter, material. As for the national temperament, the individual temperament of the native artist may diverge from it as much as that of a foreign artist may approach it. Both artists, if they are worth their salt, will be restricted by the material at hand and achieve their artistic solution without violating the inherent resistance of fact or the essential and eternal sameness of human life everywhere.

C. A. TACKE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: The two points stressed by Mr. Tacke, nationalism and mysticism in America, are indeed crucial to my thesis. Mysticism, however, as I employ the word and as I defined it in "The Sense of the Whole," does not seem to me to be exclusively of the East. It might, indeed, be said to have entered more integrally into Western history than into that of such important sections of the East as India, Japan and China. But these two crucial questions, together with the organic reason why America must act alone (at least for a time) in order to express her deep relation with the world, are the subject of the concluding part of my series. I must, therefore, ask Mr. Tacke to wait.

New York City.

WALDO FRANK.

The Inclusive Yankee Doodle Doo

SIR: In the course of a review of Grenville Vernon's "Yankee Doodle Doo" in a recent issue of the New Republic, I spoke with regret of the failure of the work either to claim or disavow inclusiveness. This remark has brought me a statement from Mr. Vernon to the effect that his book contains at least one song (in many cases it contains several) from every American opera or musical play produced between 1760 and 1860 which he has been able to unearth. This entitles his collection, from any reasonable standard, to claim "inclusiveness," a fact which I am very glad to announce.

ABBE NILES.

New York City.

Texas Doesn't Do Such Things

SIR: In your editorial columns in the April 25 number of the New Republic you have (unintentionally, I hope) given the impression that Texas countenanced the burning of a Negro by the Ku Klux Klan. There are people in the East who are so provincial that they believe anything they read in the periodicals of that blessed region that is derogatory to a Southern state. In the interest of justice, therefore, please let me make two statements:

1. The story of the burning of a Negro in this state was told by a witness in a trial in Judge Thomson's court at Pittsburgh. No substantiation of this testimony was offered.

2. The entire story was a fabrication.

FRANK B. PRATER.

Dallas, Texas.

[Our article clearly said that the statement regarding the burning was part of the court testimony. We should be interested to know how Mr. Prater is so sure that no such incident could have taken place without his being aware of it.—THE EDITORS.]

The Battle Cry of Freedom

Let Freedom Ring, by Arthur Garfield Hays. New York: Boni and Liveright. 341 pages. \$2.50.

IN this book, Mr. Hays tells the story of cases of suppression of what we proudly call our liberties, but which are usually merely natural rights, guaranteed as civil rights by the national Constitution, and those of the several states. He begins with the suppression of the freedom of intellectual inquiry and education by the anti-evolution laws of Tennessee and other Southern states, revealed by the Scopes case. He proceeds to consider the suppression of freedom of speech and assemblage, of freedom of the press, of freedom of residence of Negroes, of freedom of the stage, and of freedom of opinion in the persecution of Sacco and Vanzetti. All his cases are racy of American soil and redolent of American character. With suppression going on all over the world, these instances could scarcely have occurred anywhere but in our own beloved country. Beginning with the high comedy of Scopes and ending with the tragedy of Sacco-Vanzetti, they constitute a case book of American freedom in the years 1922-1927.

Mr. Hays participated in these episodes as attorney for freedom—in two of them as colleague of Clarence Darrow. He renders his account with the liveliness of personal adventure, and with a good humor that is most engaging. Nothing could have seemed less promising than the journey to the melancholy village of Vintondale, Pennsylvania, where the workers were grimly holding their lines in the strike of 1922. His entrance into the town was followed by violent ejection. When he returned with warrants for the arrest of those who had attacked him, he was himself arrested, thrown into a dirty jail, and denied trial.

Subsequently, by virtue of the fact that the United Mine Workers owned a house in Vintondale, an injunction was secured in a state court forbidding interference with a meeting on this property; and, advertised successfully by the police, a meeting was held, before Justice Kephart of the Supreme Court could forbid it in the interest of law and order. To the excitement of running the gauntlet of official violence was added the zest of a highly complicated legal battle. Mr. Hays is a genial combatant in both fields. "It is naturally difficult for a coal and iron policeman to imagine that union organizers have any purpose except to cause trouble," he remarks tolerantly. The point of view of the operators, a thoroughly American one, is revealed by the following anecdote anent the activities of Powers Hapgood, who undertook the organization of the non-union miners of Somerset County in the strike.

On one occasion an operator told me he quite understood my activities. After all, I was a lawyer employed to represent the side that retained me. "But that fellow Hapgood," said he, "comes of a good family, has a good education and doesn't have to earn a living by stirring up dissatisfaction. He's just a plain, lowdown S. O. B." I asked him what would be his opinion if he thought I was an unpaid volunteer. "I couldn't believe it," he answered. "You seem like a reasonable fellow, but if you're not getting paid for it, you're just as bad as he is."

The account of the Sweet case in Detroit, in which Mr. Hays acted with Clarence Darrow for the defense, is

a stirring one. Dr. Sweet had moved into a white neighborhood. Under threat of mob violence, shots had been fired from within his house, and a white man had been killed. At the first trial, a jury, which contained no Negro, disagreed; a second trial resulted in the acquittal of one of the accused on the ground of self-defense. There are unhappy implications in the statement which must be made that this is one of the most astonishing victories ever won in an American court.

Mr. Hays secures comic relief through the account of the bizarre proceedings in Boston in connection with the suppression of the American Mercury at the instance of the Watch and Ward Society. In this case, it appeared that the Society, by arrangement with local booksellers and the police, exercises censorship in its most insidious form, as a result of which upwards of seventy leading books of contemporary literature are now banned from sale in Boston. The terrorism by which the Watch and Ward Society holds the local book trade was condemned by Federal Judge Morton in no uncertain terms.

They secure their influence, not by voluntary acquiescence in their opinions by the trade in question, but by the coercion and intimidation of that trade through fear of persecution. . . . In my judgment, this is clearly illegal.

Another case of denying freedom to the arts is that of the suppression of Edouard Bourdet's play, "The Captive"—after it had been greeted by all critics as a notable work of art and had been allowed production for five months—solely because of the theme, which the District Attorney pronounced "thoroughly bad." Even if homosexuality is worse as a theme than murder or adultery, it could hardly be contended that "The Captive" was a defense of it or an incitement to it. In this case, the magistrate dismissed the case against the producers and certain of the leading members of the cast on their promising, respectively, to withdraw the play, and to refrain from acting in it in the future. Mr. Horace Liveright bought the rights from the author, engaged Mr. Hays as attorney, and fought a valiant but hopeless legal battle for the freedom of art. It was closed by an amendment to the state statute which makes it a misdemeanor to present any play, scene or tableau "depicting or dealing with the subject of sex degeneracy or sex perversion." Mr. Hays quietly suggests that this would bar Ibsen's "Ghosts" and Brieux's "Damaged Goods."

The last chapter of the book is a review of the Sacco-Vanzetti case to show that the two men died at the behest of "law and order" because of their radical views. After reading the Lowell report, it is hard to believe otherwise; but Mr. Hays' account of the behavior of the Massachusetts and United States authorities adds corroborative evidence.

One conclusion emerges clearly from Mr. Hays' studies—that is the virtual alliance which exists among the forces tending toward repression—race hatred, class prejudice, religious bigotry, commercial greed, moral obscurantism. They are all alike in seeking to make government an instrument of restraint and oppression instead of freedom. To them the maintenance of a *status quo* in the interest of order and acquiescence is more important than individual or social initiative. The fact that among Americans who for a hundred and fifty years have shouted the battle cry of freedom, so few should in reality care about the thing in itself is an instance of national retrogression which

is rather appalling. This retrogression may be measured by the difference in temper of the public during the Civil War and during the World War. In the Civil War, the danger to the country was infinitely greater from internal causes than during the World War; and yet we find the people submitting reluctantly to measures of repression enforced by military authorities, and receiving in most cases the support of the civil courts in resisting them. In the World War, the country lay down quietly under a national espionage law which was employed chiefly by private malevolence, and enforced by district attorneys and judges with ferocious vindictiveness. That there was no need of it to repress German machinations was evident at the time. That there was great need of it to protect from criticism a government which was offering opportunities to predatory interests to exploit the public on a scale hitherto unknown to history became evident later. These interests took advantage of the general situation to attack, with police connivance, organizations of workers such as the I. W. W. Other interests secured war legislation for various moral objects. If we could make the country patriotic by law, we could also make it dry, pure, and orthodox. When this happy state of affairs threatened to come to an end with the War, it was prolonged by the invention of the Red peril. The same interests which put the country into the War and plundered it during the War continued to ride it after the War. Repression and corruption go hand in hand, and easily swing a people into habits of acquiescence which are hard to break. But it cannot be believed that the appeal to intelligence will be forever in vain. From the days of Milton it has been truly maintained that repression in the long run does not conduce to the end sought, and that the evils arising from its exercise far outweigh the inconveniences, and even dangers, which it avoids. In the long run, the Tennessee legislators and the Boston censors, the Mellons, the Lowells and the Ku Klux Klan, will find the burden of proof too heavy for them.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

What Gods! What Gongs!

Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun, by Roark Bradford. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Quicksand, by Nella Larsen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Home to Harlem, by Claude McKay. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Black Majesty, by John W. Vandercook. New York: Harper and Brothers. 207 pages. \$2.50.

WE are all apt to be defensive about the Negro, even if we like him. Mr. Bradford, the author of "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun," exemplifies this attitude by confessing that it is the nigger, as opposed to the Negro, that interests him. We still like to consider the Negro a child, if we think of him as a human being at all. And unself-conscious children, if they are of a happy disposition—and Mr. Bradford's invariably are—are much more attractive than children who have copied some airs and graces from their elders. The stories in "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun"—all Biblical but mighty free—are in the line of Uncle Remus, and remind us more than once of that limber-tongued old story-teller. "De Lawd," who figures genially in them all, is a kind of good-natured Southern Colonel, dignified in his leisured way, but easy-going enough to be popular. He arouses not so much

amusement as delight. Here he is at the Creation, the heavenly fish-fry having run out of firmament.

So de Lawd r'ared back and passed a miracle and say, "Let hit be some firmament. And when I say let hit be some firmament, I mean let hit be a whole heap of firmament. I'm sick and tired of lettin' hit be jest a little bitty dab of firmament when I pass a miracle."

There are no airs and graces about Mr. Bradford's niggers, but they are, after all, old-fashioned. Harlem has changed all that. With "Quicksand," the story of an educated mulatto girl, we are brought up to date with a jerk. Helga Crane, teacher at a Southern Negro institution, becomes bored with its cramped life and goes North, first to Chicago and then to New York. This, ladies and gentlemen of Park Avenue, is what she finds in Harlem: "Their sophisticated cynical talk, their elaborate parties, the unobtrusive correctness of their clothes and homes, all appealed to her craving for smartness, for enjoyment." If your knowledge of New York Negro life has been bounded by Florence Mills and Carl Van Vechten, this social mirror may surprise you. Are you, through no fault of your own, a member of the D. A. R., or descended from the one true Mayflower? Listen and tremble. "... Miss MacGooden, humorless, prim, ugly, with a face like dried leather, prided herself on being a 'lady' from one of the best families—an uncle had been a Congressman in the period of the Reconstruction." In case you should think irony has been intended, it might be added that the heroine, when she is being very bitter and thoughtful, talks to herself like this: "'A beggar,' she thought ruefully, 'cannot expect to choose.'" Helga Crane eventually tires of the high life of Harlem, and, after an extended visit to Copenhagen, where she makes a distinct social hit, returns to New York, is accidentally converted, seduces her evangelist, marries him, and subsides hopelessly into a little Negro community in the South. The book is compact of "fine writing," but it is not funny: it makes you uncomfortable. You have met the Negro.

In "Home to Harlem" you meet the nigger again, but this time he has the breath of life in him: he is neither the black-faced minstrel of a white man's plantation nor the stilted creature of a white man's culture, but the haphazard and lively spawning of a city street. Jake, when he works, is sometimes a stoker, sometimes a longshoreman, sometimes a dining-car waiter, but we see him mostly pursuing enjoyment. And, as Jake himself might say, he catches plenty. Jake is a "good nigger." He is a Negro unaware of our world. It is a Negro world he inhabits, a world of "gals" and liquor, a world where work is only the price of play. It is a world of pure sensation; Jake never bothers about ideas, ideas never bother him; he is a creature of impulse and appetite, his progress a free and animal rhythm. And though the rhythm is too perfect to be quite convincing, it is impressive. There is only one character in the book who is bothered by ideas, and he is an educated Negro—morose, ineffectual and priggish. And he makes us uncomfortable: he reminds us of the Problem. Jake does not make us uncomfortable: though quite savage by our standards, he is a human being, and a Mystery. We can live comfortably with mysteries, but not with problems.

"Black Majesty" is the epic, *in parvo*, of King Christophe of Haiti, successor of Toussaint l'Ouverture and Dessalines. It is an historical record, with a bibliography appended, but written with the freedom of a novel. Chris-

tophe, born a slave on one of the West Indies, ran away to Haiti, served in d'Estaing's footless expedition to the Savannah River in our Revolution, became a billiard-marker in a tavern at Cap François; joined Toussaint in the great rebellion, rose to the rank of general; and after Toussaint's betrayal and Dessalines' assassination, took first the presidency and then the throne. As our author shows him to us, Christophe was one of that rare breed of despot occasionally visited on a people to plague them into greatness. But Christophe's people were niggers. As he told a British visitor, "We have no pride because we have nothing to remember." And in order to build something that should endure, he drove his subjects relentlessly, in a kind of hurried frenzy. His special dream was that monstrous Citadel above his palace of Sans Souci, a monument that his people might look at forever, and remembering, not sink again into barbarism and slavery. The benevolent experiment of Liberia seems a pale and bloodless dream beside Christophe's fierce ideal. The picture of him at his last review is unforgettable—a grizzled giant, paralyzed from the waist down, with a final superhuman strength tottering to his horse, and then, as he tries to mount, slipping slowly, inch by inch, to the ground, while he clings madly to the stirrups. That agonizing failure was the failure of Haiti.

Of these four books, only one leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth, and that one, naturally, is Mr. Bradford's collection of fairy tales. "Quicksand" deals with reality, but as falsely as its characters ape the envied and hated whites. "Home to Harlem" has the most documentary interest, for it is a simple picture of the crude and violent life of the jungle nigger in the jungle city. All these books tell us facts—interesting, humorous, sordid, pathetic—about the Negro; but "Black Majesty" captures our imagination, for it shows us the Negro, not as we know him, but as he might have been, perhaps might be—it is the tale of a black man who tried to be, not a white man, but a giant.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Japan, Courteously Outlined

An Outline History of Japan, by Herbert H. Gowen. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 458 pages. \$4.

THE opening of Japan to unlimited western influence in 1853 has often been discussed as if it were a Yankee stunt for which the United States must take responsibility forever. Perry invaded fairyland and—presto, fairyland was a factory, likely at any moment to start making munitions. Professor Gowen's new book makes its chief contribution in combating this error. Before the United States took the lead in reestablishing contact between Japan and the outside world, the Tokugawa regime, which enforced isolation, was already a-crumble. And Professor Gowen helps also to prove that the magical transformations through which these people are still going have nothing specially aggressive in their nature. That is to say, the Japanese face the same difficulties as the other congested and partially industrialized nations, and have similar intentions. This friendly and, I believe, entirely sound interpretation of recent phases of Japanese history is the virtue of the book, even though the author is perhaps too friendly toward the wartime conduct of Japan in continental Asia—there he is more kind than judicious.

He makes no claim that he has extended our knowledge

of the facts. As in his previous outlines on Asia and China, he offers a sound compilation, with bibliography and some documents, referring to few original or native sources. What the treatment lacks is a clear principle of emphasis. Early periods—such as the Ashikaga shogunate, for example—have in parts the name-and-date matter-of-factness expected in a reference book. Details are dropped in because, apparently, they are available. In other periods an attempt is made to convey the color and movement of the fight for power among emperors, *daimyo*, and priests. The issues involved are dynastic; what the Japanese people did for twenty centuries is not revealed, because those important aspects of the subject are still hidden away from western scholars; if, indeed, they are recorded anywhere.

The result is a book which does not seem to be written from a single point of view. The earlier chapters are reflections of native chronicles. The latter half, in which the method is freer and the issues are more familiar, is addressed directly to the American who wants to understand the figure of Japan on the west horizon, and will serve admirably to meet his needs.

LYMAN BRYSON.

Philosophic Medicine

Essays in Psychopathology, by William A. White, M. D. New York: Nervous and Mental Disease Publishing Company. 128 pages. \$2.50.

The Neurotic Personality, by R. G. Gordon, M. D., D.Sc. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 295 pages. \$3.75.

Problems in Psychopathology, by T. W. Mitchell, M. D. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 187 pages. \$3.50.

Dreams, by Percy Goldthwait Stiles, M. D. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 80 pages. \$1.50.

THERE is an urgent need in These States for a varied specialization in theory and practice that will lead to the degree of Doctor of Psychiatry. The traditional medical course is top-heavy with useless information. The conventional psychological course is excessively academic, verbalistic, sterile withal. What a fine contribution to enlightenment if one of our universities possessed the courage and the vision to create a school for the study of *philosophic medicine* that would span the gamut from mythology and philosophy through bio-chemistry and neurology to psychoanalysis and social science! The proper study of mankind is the bafflement of man as he wrestles with his personal frustrations and his social maladjustments. The new medicine is, in the most fruitful and humanistic sense, the new psychology, the new sociology, and the new philosophy.

Dr. White is America's most distinguished exemplar of what philosophic medicine can mean to a perturbed mankind. His crisp pages are a continuing luminous commentary on all the problems that occupy the modern mind. We are treated to discussions of vexing problems in neurology, biology, psychology, psychiatry, anthropology, psychoanalysis. The nucleus of his medical wisdom is embodied in this generalization: "The meaning that immediately emerges from looking at mind and body as but two aspects of the organism is that *for every situation there is a psychic as well as a somatic aspect*, or, as there is no controversy about the latter, that every situation, for our purpose, *every disease, has a psychic component*, and, fur-

ther, that this component has a history as long and as important for its understanding as has the somatic component. It is only since the advent of the theory of evolution that the importance of the past for the understanding of the present has been appreciated. Heretofore, however, the importance of the past has only received a partial acknowledgment by somatic pathology. We are now beginning to learn that it has an equal importance for psychopathology. This concept in its length, breadth and thickness, that is, in all that it implies, is really revolutionary, and, to my mind, may easily be the most important thing to happen to medicine in many a day. It means no less than that for an adequate understanding of any present situation the entire past, which necessarily includes the past of the psyche, must be understood. The present does not stand alone, it emerges from the past."

Dr. White's philosophic attitude is expressed in his conviction that: "I have said for some time that specialization in medicine was rapidly approaching the point of saturation. Medicine will not be able to maintain very many more specialties under the existing state of affairs. More specialties, if other things are not changed, too, will soon mean disintegration. What medicine needs more than anything else in this day and age is the synthetic type of mind."

In a critical parenthesis I might add that Dr. White takes the Freudian viewpoints too seriously, and leans rather heavily on the Jungian speculation about the so-called racial unconscious. Critical-mindedness in these unsettled matters is the beginning of wisdom.

Why can't we build in America that fine fellowship between the doctors and the psychologists which makes British scholarship in these disciplines so much more mature than ours? As witness the excellent work by Dr. Mitchell and Dr. Gordon. What a wide view of reality these physicians can encompass! What a hospitality to novel ideas and significant research! You get the impression of a competent knowledge made radiant by a personally wrought wisdom. These men are as remote as can be from the proverbial pedagogue or professor or scholastic dry-as-dust. Their knowledge *lives*. Thinking is somehow congenial to them.

Dr. Gordon's studies of "The Neurotic Personality" are an attempt to provide a concretely experimental basis for the vague and generalized psychoanalytic mechanisms underlying psychoneurotic behavior. He props up Freudian hypotheses with a scientific logic borrowed mainly from physiology and neurology. The behavioristic concept of *conditioning* is employed to good advantage in discussions of anxiety states, obsessions, compulsions, conversion hysteria, phobias, sex conflict. The brilliant researches of Sherrington on facilitation and inhibition, of Head on the symbolic aspects of aphasia, of Hurst on the relation between hysterical symptoms and suggestion (by the physician!), of Cannon on emotional states in fear, hunger, rage and pain, are deftly woven into his eminently readable and instructive book. Orthodox Freudians would add a cubit to their psychoanalytic stature by a morbidly conscientious perusal of Dr. Gordon's critical volume.

If space permitted, I should want to discuss the author's theory of "cortical inefficiency" as the key to psychoneurotic behavior. Its ramifications would conduct us into Janet's doctrine of dissociation, James' theory of sagacity, Sidis' views on suggestion, Hollingworth's mechanism of redintegration, Prince's conception of the co-conscious, *and so weiter*.

In Dr. Mitchell's work we confront the unabashed

Freudian in the modest role of one of the twelve Apostles of Psychoanalysis. The publishers serenely announce on the cover: "The aim of this book is to examine the foundations of Medical Psychology and to discuss some of the problems that have arisen in the course of the development of Psycho-pathology." What we are treated to is a tender-minded rehearsal of the main tenets and dogmas of the great Viennese religion, mitigated, now and then, by a few feeble counter-arguments and soft-pedaled criticisms of the Master. For all that, Dr. Mitchell has contrived to give us a freshly written book, perhaps the most coherent and lucid exposition of Freudian psychology-and-metaphysics we now possess.

Why the corrective criticisms of the aboriginal psychoanalytic doctrines by Jung, Adler, Rivers, McDougall, Hart, MacCurdy, Hinkle, Prince, Meyer, Wohlgemuth, Burrow, Tannenbaum, Dunlap, Woodworth, Watson, Rank, Humphrey, Hollingworth, *et al.*, have not made a deeper dent in his cerebro-spinal or sympathetic or glandular nervous system, I do not know.

Dr. Percy Goldthwait Stiles of the Harvard Medical School has written a nice little book, with playful drawings as an obligato, charmingly called "Dreams," in which at the very outset he bravely asserts: "When he read Havellock Ellis' book, 'The World of Dreams,' it was with singular stimulation and a sense of cordial agreement. His reaction to Freud has often been hostile." Ah, there's the rub! Ellis has since become a pretty good Freudian. Dr. Stiles writes pleasantly, with a quiet humor, and can be safely read by all the New England ladies of both sexes who dream of Upton Sinclair as a *bête noir* and of H. L. Mencken as Mephistopheles, Jr.

Dreams should be made of sterner stuff.

S. DANIEL HOUSE.

The Temptation of Anthony

The Temptation of Anthony, by Isidor Schneider. New York: Boni and Liveright. 141 pages. \$2.

THE poetry of Mr. Isidor Schneider presents violent contradictions. It is forceful, original, striking and unreal. The title poem in the present volume is a novel in verse, superficially modeled after the technique employed by Mr. Jeffers in "Tamar" and "Roan Stallion," but there are many internal qualities in Mr. Schneider's work that stamp it as his own. The source of his originality lies in his descriptive passages which, in spite of verbal brilliance, clog his narrative and blind him to all human emotions other than his own.

The general theme of the poem—the revolt of the individual against the conventions of small-town morality—is excellent. It is in the detail that the work falls short of its purpose, becomes turgid and inaccurate. The irony of life is made to seem more important than life itself, more important than human tragedy. Even at the risk of being dogmatic, I believe that the best elements of American poetry today are those that reproduce life, that tend to clarify a perception of reality. The comment upon life is secondary. In the poem under consideration the author is omnipotent, his characters are dwarfed or magnified to fit the requirements of a striking poetic image. This leads to an overstatement of the case and weak motivation of human action.

Briefly, the story is that of a village atheist at war with his community. It is not until after he is stoned

to death by the villagers that they realize that he is greater than they, a true minister of God. In his development of the theme, Mr. Schneider introduces emotional situations that are open to dispute. The community resents the man, Anthony, because he is an atheist. Very well, a small town usually suspects an atheist of commerce with the devil. But it seldom persecutes him. He is, after all, a familiar figure in American small-town life, sometimes in the person of a doctor, sometimes in the person of the town lawyer. The foreigner or the Negro is usually the target of active prejudice. So far, the detail of Mr. Schneider's story is exaggerated, and, therefore, at the outset seems untrue. It is not until Anthony lives with a widow who has a reputation for being too fond of men that the story carries conviction. The sexual relationship between Anthony and the woman is handled with sympathetic vividness. Their love and their quarrels are brought close to life, largely because Mr. Schneider at this point has an opportunity to use his descriptive powers at full blast. Persecution becomes logical, for small-town prudery rises to a storm against anyone violating codes of sexual morality.

In summing up Mr. Schneider's book as a whole, it would be well to quote a few lines showing his tendency to be over-conscious of words and poetic imagery:

Cool coils of wind bound them warmer, tighter to
each other. They watched
the night, the moon tearing ruddy navel strings being
born
on the horizon out of tumultuous thighs and washed
by clouds.

A simple action has given rise to a brilliant but over-elaborate preoccupation with literary effect. Purely literary effect of this kind seldom produces poetry of the highest order, and not until Mr. Schneider becomes more intimately concerned with life itself will it be possible to recognize him as a permanent influence in American poetry.

HORACE GREGORY.

Soldier of the South

Soldier of the South: General Pickett's War Letters to his Wife. Edited by Arthur Crew Inman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 158 pages. \$2.50.

GENERAL PICKETT'S talent as a soldier was respectable, but not great. The chief interest of his letters, written in leisure and with charm, in spite of the confusion of war, lies in his personal distinction: not great as a soldier, he was in most respects typical of the best in his society, and his equanimity and urbanity fairly measure the Southern culture of his time. The one letter of the series which might throw an interesting light upon military events has been, out of family piety, omitted; and the testimony of the leading participant in "Pickett's charge" at Gettysburg, the crisis of the war, is yet to appear. (Lee suppressed Pickett's official report.) In spite of Mr. Inman's revision of the text (he modernizes the archaisms and localisms of Pickett's style), the letters have some literary distinction; the Negro dialogues, which the General used as an indirect vehicle of military comment, have positive merit. Mr. Inman dates "July 15, 1862," a letter recounting events that occurred six weeks later. A little knowledge of the Civil War would have prevented this.

A. T.

A Portrait of Degas

Degas: An Intimate Portrait, by Ambroise Vollard. Translated by Randolph T. Weaver. New York: Greenberg. 149 pages. \$3.

M. VOLLARD is something of a master of the petty biography. He has the advantage of having known in a professional way the great masters of the last generation of French painters—Renoir, Cézanne, Degas—and in a few anecdotes and pieces of gossip he gives us a view of the subject that is "intimate" in the sense that it corresponds with the view one might get at dinner, or from five minutes at a café. This sort of thing is not to be despised; for dinner conversations and café soliloquies are among the realities of life. The present book, however, has not even the pretence at biography that M. Vollard made in his treatment of Cézanne; nevertheless, a picture of this vital, tart-tempered Parisian somehow emerges—a lonelier being than even Cézanne, for he neither founded nor followed a school, but, for all that, more at one with the society around him than Renoir himself, for his interests were in ballet dancers and race courses and laundresses and beaux, which he used indifferently as the theme for a pure and classic art. He was sensitive and serene: no one could work in his fashion without being both: and he protected himself by a crusty, exacerbating personality.

L. M.

New Poems by A. E.

Mid Summer Eve, by A. E. Published by Crosby Gaige; printed by William E. Rudge; distributed by Random House. Limited autographed edition. \$7.50.

HERE is a little book of less than a dozen poems set forth in firm delicate print on fine hand-made paper, delightful to the eye and to the touch, and, for all its slightness, strangely troubling to the spirit. A. E. is not a great poet, if one measures his work beside that of certain other Irishmen who also combine the practice of politics with a passion for the arts. And yet so splendid is his personality that it shines through the least of these verses, and sets the whole brief book aquiver. Mr. Russell is a mystic, and it is this quality of his vision, rather than any peculiar gift of image or of cadence, that burns through these pages. In spite of an old quarrel with mysticism for ignoring the whole bleak problem of evil, I am touched by this little book. The reason is not far to seek. It bears the stamp of having been written by a man who has literally walked with God. There is finer poetry than is contained here, but none that compasses a more exalting experience.

B. D.

Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD, English writer, is the author of "Olives of Endless Age."

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